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THE  
*Author's Apology*  
TO  
Both SEXES,  
By WAY of  
PREFACE.

**L** Adies, your humble Servant. If I had not a greater Respect for your kind Sex, than I believe some of you have for your Selves, I would no more have presented you with the following Sketch of your Deformities, than I would have preach'd a Lecture in Contempt of Villainy, at one of the Counter-Gates; or have sung a Ballad against ill Language, in the Middle of Billingsgate Fish-Market.

## The Preface.

ket. But I heartily protest, I have so great an Honour for you, that I love you as well as a righteous Priest ought to do his sinful Parishioners; and therefore, like the good Man, have taken upon me to reflect a little closely upon the Failings of the Petticoat; that blushing at the Sight of your own amorous Back-slidings, and other fashionable Vanities, you may be sham'd and rally'd into a future Forbearance of the like Vices. And if I can but perswade you to be of an Opinion, that what I have here presented you, is design'd for your Good; then you cannot but allow, that the Honesty of my Intention has a Title to your Pardon. But if, on the contrary, you happen to think, that I only meant to strip you of your greatest Security, viz. your Sham-Modesy, on Purpose to expose your naked Infirmities to the Wonder and Ridicule of your Champion-Admirers, who, I know, are as ready to defend you from Satyr, as the Cappadocian Knight was the fair Damsel from the Claws of the Dragon; I can then readily guess how far I shall conjure up your Female Indignation; and shall think it a Happiness, if I escape the Censure of being deem'd an Eunuch, if not a worse Monster, for not diverting your Vapours by such accustomary Adulations, as you are too apt to think your Perfections have a  
Title

## The Preface.

*Title to. Tho', upon my Word, Ladies, if you knew but all, you would sooner brand me with a quite opposite Character, and swear, in Revenge, I had been some Petticoat-Pensioner: But discarded of your Favours, to make Room for some more strenuous Competitor, had therefore resolv'd to spit my Venom at the fair Sex, who had so slightly rewarded my past good Services.*

*However, censure as you please, I shall make but a slender Apology; and that is, I think it an honest Task to let the Vitious see their naked Pictures, that they may have a true Prospect of their own Deformities, than to furnish them with a Cloak for their growing Levity, and to flatter them in their Vices.*

*The Vertuous, I am satisfy'd, will have no Reason to be, in the least, offended: And as for those Ladies, who have acquir'd the Knack of looking as innocent as Angels, whilst the Devil himself is lurking under their Furbeloes; who vainly fancy, that they blind us from their Iniquities, by their subtile Managements; and that they cover their Intrigues with their practical Devotion: The following Characters are to let them see, that, notwithstanding their Policy,*



## The Preface.

lity, they are not too cunning to be catch'd. However, this Assurance I dare confidently give them, viz. That there is no Manner of Reflection level'd at any certain Person whomsoever. So that any Lady, tho' never so conscious of her own Failings, may venture boldly to ransack the whole Book, without the Danger of finding herself expos'd, or pointed at, in the least Particular; which Assurance, I hope, will, in some Measure, extenuate my Offence, and abate their Prejudice, that I may not, in their angry Moods, be doom'd to be claw'd to Death by unmerciful Wild-Cats; especially, when they consider, in Honour to their Sex, I have given them the Precedency of so many worthy Gentlemen, who, in my Opinion, are as rarely qualify'd for their good Company, as any Gallants they can desire to be kiss'd by.

But should the Criticks enquire, why I should dishonour the Male Sex so far, as to put them in the Rear of so many Female Tittles Tattles? I humbly desire they would be so kind to consider, that the Book consists chiefly of Characters of vain, ridiculous, and vicious Persons of both Sexes; and I doubt not, but they will readily grant, that Men can never be truly foolish, or completely wicked, without they are Followers  
of

## The Preface.

*of Women; and if so, it is a plain Indication, that the Ladies, in this Case, ought to have Place before them.*

*Now, Gentlemen, a Word to the Wise, I hope will be sufficient. As to your Parts, I earnestly intreat you, that you would not misconstrue any Thing that you find among the Male Characters, to the Injury of the Author, or the Dishonour of any Great Person now living; for I solemnly declare, that all those Images that seem the most bold, and may unhappily be thought, by injudicious Readers, to carry along with them a Kind of daring Presumption, are drawn from the Histories of such ambitious Gentlemen, who, in former Reigns, have taken irregular Courses to advance their own Grandeur, to the Injury of their Prince, and the Disadvantage of the Publick. Therefore, as I have presented nothing therein, but a Wardrobe of old Apparel, under a modern Name, I hope no Body will prove so ill-natur'd, as to put a Knave's Jacket upon an honest Man, because they may both happen, in Sight of the World, to be of equal Proportion. And as for him, that is so foolish to challenge another's Doublet, because he thinks it fits him, if he chance to find any Bugs in the Collar,*

## The Preface.

Collar, that may provoke him to scratch beyond Patience, he may thank himself for his imprudent Choice: For he that will jump into a Bed of Nettles, or chuse an Ant-hill for a Cushion, deserves to be punish'd with the smarting Consequence of his own Folly.

As to the Book, I shall say but little: Those who have a Mind to know what's in it, let them buy it, read it, and then judge of it; for that must be allow'd to be the best Way, because 'twill satisfy the Book-seller, as well as the Reader.

But thus far I will venture to assure the World, that whosoever goes thro' with the following Characters, will find themselves entertain'd with Satyr, without Spite; Novelty, without Fiction; Pleasantry, without Levity; and abundance of Truth, without personal Reflection: Which is all I shall promise.

So farewell.

THE



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# THE CONTENTS.

---

## PART I.

<b>T</b> HE Formal Precisian : Or, The Devout Lady,	Page 1
The Female Student : Or, The Learned Lady,	10
She muses as she uses : Or, The Censorious Lady.	21
The Cunning Wanton : Or, Intriguing Lady,	28
The Countess of Brandipolis : Or, The To- ping Lady,	37
The Dissatisfy'd Wife : Or, The Jealous Lady,	44
Bad Luck to him that has her : Or, The Gaming Lady,	51
Female Secresy : Or, The Prying Lady,	58
From the Spinning-Wheel, to the Coach :	
	Or,

## The Contents.

Or, Golden Joan made his Worship's Lady,	65
High Birth, but no Fortune : Or, The Depending Lady,	72
The Fashionable Bawd : Or, The Lady's Confident,	80
The Great Man's Prostitute : Or, The Original of an Actress taken into Keeping,	88
Miss Buxom : Or, The Golden-lock'd Lady unmarried,	97
Modern Quality : Or, The Upstart Lady,	105
The Hospitable House-keeper : Or, The Bountiful Lady,	113

---

## PART II.

THE Modish Gentleman : Or, The Climbing Courtier,	119
The Corrupt Statesman : Or, The Compleat Courtier,	127
The Trimming Guide : Or, The Avaritious Priest,	134
The Beau-Officer : Or, The Coward in Commission,	142
The Ambitious Mercenary : Or, The Climbing Lawyer,	148
The	

## The Contents.

<i>The Prodigal Upstart : Or, The Citizen turn'd Gentleman,</i>	154
<i>The Severe Magistrate : Or, The Proud Man in Authority.</i>	162
<i>Riches acquir'd before Discretion : Or, The young Extravagant Heir just come to an Estate,</i>	169
<i>The States-man's Minion : Or, The Poli- tick Understrapper,</i>	178
<i>The Promissory Gentleman ; Or, The Fashio- nable Friend,</i>	186
<i>The Temporizing Zealot : Or, The Reli- gious Mammonist,</i>	193
<i>The Dignify'd Adulterer : Or, The Liber- tine of Title,</i>	201
<i>Sir Narcissus Foplin : Or, The Self-Admi- rer,</i>	210
<i>The Worthy Patriot : Or, The True Eng- lish Nobleman,</i>	217

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T H E





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# *Adam and Eve*

Stript of their

## FURBELAWS.

---

*The formal Precifian ;*

O R,

*The devout Lady.*

**W**HEN she steps along the Streets,  
she moves like a Female Ghost  
in some woful Tragedy, just  
risen from the Grave to terri-  
fy her Lover. When she sits, her Posture  
is so formal, and her Eyes, as well as  
Limbs, so reserv'd and motionless, that no  
Man, by Candle-light, without the Use  
of his Feeling, can distinguish her from a  
Picture. And when she stands at her Hus-  
band's Shop-door, to be admir'd for her  
B Modesty,

Modesty, a Passenger would think Mrs. *Salmon's* Wax-work was to be seen within, and that Madam was one of her artificial Figures, expos'd on purpose to decoy in Spectators. Whenever she curt'sies, tho' she hates Popery, she must cross her Hands upon the Bottom of her Stomacher, and then she drops her Complement, which is paid with that Gravity, and most humbly perform'd with that Leisure and Affectation, as if the bending her Knees, or sinking her Bum-fiddle, brought the Cramp into her Hams, or the Sciatica into her Hips, that hinder'd her from rising. Whenever she speaks, 'tis without Cadency, and with as much Tone and Formality, as a Bell-man at Midnight; and with that wonderful Deliberation, that a nimble-tongu'd Gossip may tell a short Story betwixt every Word. The Dialect she uses, is laboriously glean'd out of the *Old Testament*; and when she speaks to her Husband, 'tis always in the same Phrase that *Sarah* wheedled *Abraham* in, when she call'd him Lord. By a long Habit of Hypocrisy, she has at last dissembled herself into so melancholy a Temper, that she can talk of nothing but the Sins of *Israel*, or what strange Dreams she had last Night about the *New Jerusalem*. And when she entertains her Visitors with a long-winded Story,



ry, to be sure it is an old one out of some of the Prophets, which was drowsily told her but the Sunday before at some Enthusiastick Conventicle. When she leaves off her Stockings, before she gives 'em to her Chamber-maid, she wears 'em out at the Knees, by rubbing 'em with a Pumice-stone, that the silly Wench may believe she has pray'd 'em to pieces by much kneeling, and from thence take an Occasion to report her Godliness to her Neighbours. She is very exact in keeping all her Family to their holy Exercises, and must every Night, as she sits cross-legg'd before her Fire, with a Screen in her Hand to save her Beauty from scorching, hear the youngest Apprentice read a Chapter or two in the *Bible*, whilst she nods away half an Hour, like a slumbering Cat in a Chimney-corner : But as for the eldest Apprentice, it's ten to one, notwithstanding her Piety, but she decoys him to open the Book of Generation in his Master's Absence, and to point out the third Letter in the Alphabet with his natural Fescue, which she afterwards tells him, she only suffers him to do for his Soul's Good, because he should not be tempted to run astray among the Wicked. Having had her Education among the puritan Saints, if you talk a Word of Religion, she will out-whine an old

Mumper, out-cant a Lady Abbyss, and out-sigh a Widow at the Funeral of her Husband. If you mention a Syllable of the Church, it is all Popery and Porridge, according to the invidious Doctrine she has heard from the Lanthorn Jaws of her old primitive Father *Stiffcollar*, who delivers himself as upright in his quadrangular Tub, as if he was a preaching Paring-shovel. If you happen to blurt out a merry Jest, she'll cry, *O that the Tongue, which was made to praise the Lord, should so unwarily slide into such Immorality and Prophaneness!* For tho' she loves Bawdy in the Act, as well as an Evening-Lecture, yet she is so much in the Right, as to seem to hate it in the Abstract. But a canting Harangue upon Saving-Grace, or Self-Edification, administers the greatest Comfort to her poor Soul, of all the Elixirs in this World, barring a secret Fellow-feeling with a Brother Saint, or a Dram of the Bottle. She's a Lady of that wonderful Devotion, as well as admirable Patience, that she always prays much louder than she scolds: And when she reads a Chapter in her Parlour, the Apprentice may hear her in the Shop, and her Maid edify in the Garrets; for she thinks reading to her Self, is a-kin to robbing her Family of the Benefit of the Scriptures. She

an excellent Hufwife at all culinary Performances, except Minc'd-Pyes and Plumb-Porridge, and those she holds to be such un sanctify'd Food, such expensive Abominations, and such vain, Popish, and superstitious Symbols, that they ought not to be eaten in a good Protestant Country. But as for the nice roasting of a substantial Leg of Mutton, the critical boiling a stuff'd Side-Saddle of Beef, the excellent ordering of a primitive Bag-Pudding, or the buttering of Turnips, she's such an excellent Artist at, that ne'er a *Mutton-Lane* Cook, who has serv'd an Apprenticeship to Marygold Broth and Dumplins, is able to vie with her. She has a wonderful Care in the Education of her Children, and is so very timorous they should wander from the Truth, that she tells 'em, if ever they should look into a *Common Prayer-Book*, they would certainly have sore Eyes for seven Years after; or if ever they should chance to step into the Church, out of a vain Curiosity, to behold the *Dagon-Idol*, that they would be smitten with scabby Heads and kib'd Heels, and be for ever after number'd amongst the Reprobate. By such Sort of Scare-crows, she frights her Children from the Steeple-House, and renders it as terrible to their childish Apprehensions, as if the most



holy of all Sanctuaries was fill'd with nothing but Raw-heads and Bloody-bones; and, by such Sort of Witchcraft, preserves 'em within the Pale of her own ignorant Perswasion, 'till Custom and Prejudice have too far confirm'd them in the sinful Errors of their Parents. She is a mighty Enemy to all Gossiping, because she hates, before others, either to tipples, or talk merrily, tho' she can drink in her own Bed-Chamber with a holy Familiar of her own Tribe, 'till the hypocritical Mixture of Religion and Liquor has made 'em as fuddled, and as lecherous as *Lot's Daughters*, when they committed Incest with their Father; yet she can hick-up over her Prayers, as soon as left by her Companion, with as laudible a Grace, as if at the same Time she was equally inspir'd with Holiness and *Aqua Vita*. Tho' but young herself, she has a mighty Veneration for all Sorts of Antiquities, except an old Bed-fellow, and consequently has a wonderful Respect for all such Things that are of a long standing. She has an unexpressible Regard to the never dying Memory of that Protestant Princess, our gracious Queen *Elizabeth*, and thinks it abundance of Pity, that so religious a Dress as the Ruff and Fardingale should ever be superannuated. Of all Sorts of Recreations, she's the

the greatest Enemy to Dancing, because the Head of her Prophet was made the Reward of a 'Jig; yet she loves dearly to follow the first false Step that was taken in the Beginning, notwithstanding 'tis prophand in a Play-House Song, with a *Rub, Rub, Rub, Rub, Rub, in and out, in and out, ho*; and is apt to think, after all her reading in *Moses's Pentateuch*, that our original Parents, by tasting the forbidden Fruit, did not lose, but only swopp'd one Paradise for another. She has all the whole *Bible* undigestedly pil'd up in her Memory, tho' it lies there as confusedly huddl'd, as old News-Papers upon a Coffee-house Table: So that if you ask her a Question in *Genesis*, it is ten to one but she will answer you in the *Revelations*; yet her Tongue is so tipp'd with holy Scraps and Fragments, that she cannot spread a Plaister for a cut Thumb, without a Text in Scripture. She's so heavily concern'd at the Wickedness of others, that she addles her Brains, by shaking her Noddle at the Sins of her Neighbours; but is so very forgetful of her own Transgressions, as if she never offended Heaven without a Pardon in her Pocket. As well as formal in her Words, she is so precise in her Deportment, and so mathematically regular in all her Actions, that you would

think every Motion of her Limbs, were the Effects of Art, and not of Nature, and that her whole Composition was but a Machine of Clock-work. In short, she is a She-Fanatick preach'd out of her Senses, but not of her Iniquities; a precise Changing, almost totally divested of the Air of Humanity; an uncouth Mortal, who is stuff'd with nothing but religious Niceties, fantastical Punctilio's, and ridiculous Decorums, and only a fit Companion for a formal Hypocrite, a comfortable Visiter to a dying Penitent, an agreeable Wife to a miserly Enthusiast, and a dissembling Harlot for a leacherous Wolf crept into Sheep's Clothing; for, like a true modern Saint, she can say her Prayers, play with her Tail, and cheat the Devil with her Countenance.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

**T**HE pious Dame, with formal Face,  
demure in Speech and Carriage;  
Altho' she talks so much of Grace,  
Is not the best for Marriage.

For Woman, tho' she's so precise  
As ne'er to speak a Word ill;  
Yet her Religion never lies  
Beneath the Waste or Girdle.

What



*What, tho' she prays with holy Friends,  
And cants against the Devil;  
Yet saving Grace ne'er condescends  
To stoop beneath her Navel.*

*Her Petticoats so hard she ties,  
That Conscience keeps its Station;  
Nor can what's done below, arise  
To give it Perturbation.*

*Thus wisely makes Religion know  
Its Bounds of Ambulation,  
That Grace above, and Lust below,  
Have no Communication.*

*So that in Case the Seat of Love,  
Her Tail, commits a Folly,  
She thinks her Mind, that dwells above,  
Is ne'er a Fot less holy.*

*Or else her Tongue could never cant  
Of Grace with gifted Brother,  
And act the Part of pious Saint,  
Whilst Buttocks play another.*

*Fond Youth, beware how you pursue  
The Lass demurely sober,  
The Saint would vanish soon, could you  
Of holy Cheats disrobe her.*

*The pious Dame may plague your Head;  
Such Roses have their Prickles:  
And Punks and Filts are often bred  
In holy Conventicles.*

*The*

---

*The Female Student ;*  
O R,  
*The Learned Lady.*

SHE is the Mimick of a Scholar, as a Monkey is of a Man, and apes him in every Thing as near as possible, on Purpose to be thought as rational a Creature. She is a profound Diver into the Secrets of Nature, and the Mysteries of Generation, and commonly a great Proficient in the Art of Chymistry, and that of Midwifry ; the former leading her into the whimsical Search of the Philosopher's Stone, from whence she is soon recommended, by the Study of the latter, to the Pleasure of a Pair ; which, after once trying, she approves so well, that she declines the Pursuit of her philosophical Bauble, for no other Reason, but because she considers 'tis in the singular Number, and therefore unworthy of the studious Enquiry of so brisk a Lady. Visit her when you please, you shall as surely find her with a Book in her Hand, as a Watchman at Midnight with his Candle and Lanthorn ; and if you look but into it, you will certainly catch

catch her upon some abstruse Topick beyond the Reach of her Understanding; for her Endeavours are rather to seem wise, than to really be so. Having had the Misfortune of being taught her Grammar, she is a worse Plague to a Country Pedant, than himself proves to the Company he keeps; and of all the Nouns, is the greatest Enemy to an Adjective, because it is such a feeble Tool, that it cannot stand by it self. She pelts his Ears all Dinner-time with her *Latin* Scraps, which she recites as imperfectly, and applies as wretchedly, as a half-learn'd Parrot, in his talkative Humour, does some bawdy Sentence or Sarcastm against Cuckoldom. But the rural Pedagogue must blush with Patience at her vain Impertinence, as a Female-Frailty, because nothing recommends him as a welcome Guest to her bountiful Bag-Pudding, so much as his Modesty, or his Ignorance. She is such an arrogant Sceptist in the Mysteries of Religion, that she seldom professes the same Faith, or continues fix'd in any one Principle two Days together; and is so terrible a Teaze to the holy Robe, with her cramp Questions in Divinity, that she can scarce prevail upon a Country Curate to come and crave a Blessing upon her *Sunday's* Dinner, but is forc'd to be content  
to



to have her Roast-Beef sanctify'd by some of her own Family. She's so great an Admirer of hard Words, that you would guess, by her Conversation, she had been tutor'd by a Surgeon, or nurs'd up in the Laboratory of some pragmatistical Alchymist. If her Dinner displeases her, she will tell you, perhaps, her Pudding is *non compos Mentis*; and if you ask her Meaning, she will reply, it is not boil'd enough; for she thinks it one part of Scholarship to speak hard Words, and another to understand 'em. She is so highly addicted to this kind of Crambo-Vanity, that she thinks it a Dishonour to her Quality, and a Scandal to her Education, to scold in plain *English*; therefore vents her Passion in such puzzling Language, that makes her Husband or her Servants fly like Lightning from her Fury, for Fear of having their Ears wounded with crooked Nails and Tenterhooks; for her Anger is so fiery, and her Terms so crabbed, that her hard Words come thundering out cross-ways, like langre Shot from the Mouth of a Cannon, when driven out by Gun-powder. She cares not for the Company of her own Sex, because she thinks them too illiterate for her learned Conversation; for as the common Topicks of their familiar Tittle-Tattle, are the Humours of  
their

their Husbands, the Carelessness of their Servants, or the Wittiness of their Children ; she must always be aspiring above such humble Subjects, and turn at least a Critick upon some modern Comedy, wherein perhaps the Poet has disoblig'd her Ladyship, by coming a little too close to her own singular Character. Besides, having the Advantages of a high-flown Dialect, and a ready Wit, she is so malepert among her cloven Sisters, that they dare not prattle in her Presence, for fear of exposing their Ignorance to the backbiting Lash of so scholastick a Lady, who, they must needs judge, by themselves, will omit no Opportunity of exposing the Failings of her Sex, that her own Discretion may take place, and her Vertues be magnify'd above the dim Perfections of her Female Neighbours : So that she is fear'd and envy'd as much by those of the furbilo'd Gender, more ignorant than herself, as they are despis'd by her for want of those masculine Acquirements that shine at best in a Female Genius, but like a Rush Candle thro' a Paper Lanthorn. Besides her Grammatical Progress thro' the eight Parts of Speech, and her profound Enquiry into *As in presenti*, she has a Smattering of the *French*, as well as *Latin*, and has the Vanity to think herself

so

so compleat a *Madamozelle*, as to out-  
 chatter her *French* Taylor in his native  
 Language. She is greatly affected with  
 every new Fashion *A-la-mode de Pare*, and  
 is apt to assert, there is more Breeding in  
 a *French* Cobler, than in a *Dutch* Colonel.  
 The Care of her Family, is such a home-  
 spun piece of Hufwifry, that it's a Task  
 too low for the Sublimity of her Thoughts;  
 for when she ought to be in her Kitchen,  
 she's retir'd into her Closet; and instead of  
 performing the Duty of a prudent Wife,  
 she's mocking the Studies of a reserv'd  
 Philosopher, by labouring in vain in pur-  
 suit of Wisdom, or cozening her Family  
 into a false Opinion of her studious Life,  
 by peeping into the Bottle, instead of her  
 Books, and inspiring her Brains with a  
 Dram of cool *Nantz*, instead of improving  
 her Knowledge with the mouldy Sentiments  
 of her gilded Authors, who are rang'd  
 about her with their Names on their  
 Back-sides, that she may open their Leath-  
 ern Breeches, and delight herself in  
 private with whatever she finds most fit-  
 ting for the Entertainment of a Lady. She  
 is so vigilant an Enquires after all Bookish  
 Novelties, whether Sermons, Poetry, or  
 Politicks, that she no sooner hears of a  
 noisy new Pamphlet, tho' ten Miles from  
*London*, but a Servant must be dispatch'd  
 upon



upon the easiest trotting Coach-Horse, to her *Covent-Garden* Bookseller, hail, rain, or shine, to fetch the Paper-Prodigy, that her Curiosity may be satisfy'd, and her Thirst after Learning be a little quench'd for the present, 'till it should be rais'd again by another fresh and tempting Offspring of some teeming Noddle. No sooner has her Looby-Emissary brought the new-born Darling to his Lady's Arms, but the printed Issue of some laborious Brain is hug'd into her modern Library, where it is forc'd to stand the severe Scrutiny and Censure of her most judicious Ladyship, who, after all her Pretences to a refin'd Judgment, has only, by her much Reading, spoil'd a good Pudding-maker, and neglected the Study of those culinary Arts more properly adapted to a Female Genius, to make herself that uncouth kind of a Hermaphrodite, a learned Lady. Among the rest of her Vanities, she is a mighty Poetess, and has so ready a Talent at Lampoon and Satyr, that her unfortunate Spouse cannot commit an Oversight, or unhappily lapse into the least Error, but his Faults shall be versify'd to her Chamber-maid, and the poor Gentleman be scourg'd by her poetical Cat of Nine-tails, thro' his whole Family ; nor shall any of her own Sex escape her Flirts, that  
give

give her but the least Occasion to exercise her Faculty. And that the World may be sensible of her extraordinary Merits, she has perhaps presented us with a *French Novel*, translated into *English* by a Lady of Quality; which, tho' it wants her Name, yet her Vanity takes care no Body shall rob her of the Glory, for she whispers it about as a great Secret to some of her own Sex, which she has Sense enough to know is the readiest Way of Publication, 'till at last she has the Honour to be every where complemented as the most ingenious Translator; nor truly would she stop here, but adorn the Stage with some polite Comedy, were not the Dulness and Ingratitude of the Age so monstrous, as to have little or no Taste of Female Performances, and the Wits of the Male Gender so very partial to themselves, as to engross all the Applause, and allow no Share of the Bays to the fair Sex; who, if they had but the Encouragement due to their Merits, would soon write 'em out of their Reputation, as sure as they are now able to talk 'em out of their Senses. When her Ladyship's in Town, she's so constant a Benefactor to her Majesty's sworn Comedians, that she would much rather neglect her Prayers in the Morning, than the Play-house at Night: And notwithstanding her Learning has so short

short a Sense of the Duties of Religion,  
 that she runs away with the mistaken No-  
 tion of a Libertine, and is apt to fancy  
 the Stage full as instructive as the Pulpit,  
 forgetting the Vices and Vanities that al-  
 ways wait upon the one, and the Piety  
 and Vertue that arise daily from the other.  
 Her greatest Mortification is, to want new  
 Apparell against a new Play ; for if she's  
 neither complemented for her Wit, ad-  
 mir'd for her Dress, or og'l'd for her Beau-  
 ty, she'll not honour the Poet with so  
 much as a Clap, or the Audience with a  
 Smile, but return Home as much out of  
 Humour, as if her Gallant had slighted  
 her for a new Mistress. She is so highly  
 opiniative of her own Wit, that she thinks  
 it derogates from her Character, for any  
 Body to be commended for the same Ta-  
 lent in her Presence, and will look as  
 scornfully, as if at the same time they had  
 droll'd upon the Merits of her Ladyship,  
 and disparag'd her to her Face ; but the  
 grossest Flatteries are welcome to her Ears,  
 and delightful to her Breast ; for she has  
 the Vanity to think she has an absolute  
 Title to the most superlative Encomiums.  
 Her very Husband, tho' an ingenious Gen-  
 tleman, must submit in all Things to her  
 better Judgment, or else as warm a Dis-  
 pute must presently arise about Superiori-



ty of Wisdom, as ever was heard in a Convocation of Presbyters, about the Alteration of the *Liturgy*; and if he be not a little *Frenchify'd*, as well as his Competitor, he must expect to be call'd as many dull Blockheads in broken *French*, as if her well-bred Ladyship had been a *Calais* Fish-woman, if not Cuckold into the Bargain; for if a Woman can gratify her Revenge by hornifying her Husband in an unknown Act, she will account it a Satisfaction to upbraid him with the same in an unknown Language. She thinks it a great Misfortune for a Woman of her excellent Wit, and large Acquirements, to be liable to the Reflection of her Sexes Infirmities; for tho' they are weak and instable, she is wise and resolute; tho' they are silly and unread, she is learn'd and witty; tho' they are timorous and bashful, she is bold and couragious; tho' they are amorous and yielding, she can be pitiless and impregnable; therefore wishes she was metamorphos'd into the Male Sex, were it for no other Reason, but to be conversant with those refin'd Mortals call'd Wits, at *Will's* Coffee-house, that she might enjoy the Blessings of such a Heavenly Society, and manifest her own Perfections among Men of Worth and Learning, who have Judgment sufficient, as well

as Gratitude, to allow a Character of her Parts, proportionable to their Merit. Much more might be said in her Ladyship's Praise, for her Wit is so keen, her Judgment so piercing, her Intellects so capacious, and the Center of her Charms so full of immensurable Profundity, that an Author might tire himself, as well as his Reader, before he could expatiate upon half the Particulars of so copious a Subject. But if any Body likes her so far as she is represented in an unfinish'd Picture, they may be Master of the Blessing for a Word speaking; for notwithstanding she is a Lady of such incomparable Learning, yet her Husband has such an Aversion to Female Literature, that he would give a thousand Pounds in Change for a peaceable Woman, that never read her Horn-Book.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

**U**Nhappy he that's doom'd to wear  
The Matrimonial Collar,  
With her who is not only fair,  
But fancies she's a Schollar.

Puff'd up with Pride and vain Conceit,  
She'll soar above her Station,

*And think she has, by Dint of Wit,  
The Right of Domination.*

*What, tho' she scolds in French or Dutch,  
Or chatters in the Roman,  
One Tongue is always found too much  
For a contentious Woman.*

*If with more Languages she's hung,  
Than taught her by her Mother,  
Whene'er you bid her hold one Tongue,  
She'll plague you with another.*

*Therefore let none select a Wife,  
For having sundry Speeches ;  
The more she has, the greater Strife  
Will rise about the Breeches.*

*Nor let the youthful Novice chuse  
A Woman for her Learning ;  
For Wives turn greater Filts or Shrews,  
The more they are discerning.*

*Therefore, I say, beware, my Friend,  
Of learned Dame or Gammar,  
Who will with Tongue and Broom, contend  
About the Rules of Grammar.*

*The prattling Shrew, in Spite of Art,  
Will prove a head-strong Creature ;  
And thro' her cursed Pride, invert  
The very Laws of Nature.*



*She muses as she uses :*

O R,

*The Censorious Lady.*

**S**HE is the unhappy Eccho of other Peoples Failings, whose Delight is to report whatever she hears, to the Prejudice of her Neighbours. Her Tongue is as venomous as the Sting of an Adder ; for she seldom darts it beyond her Teeth, but she wounds some Body's Reputation. She has such a Neck of improving every Molehill to a Mountain, that if she catches but a Lover with his Mistress upon his Knee, she will be apt to censure, that the Nipple of Affection has been feelingly administer'd to the Lips of Generation, and will industriously insinuate her loose Opinion to the next Confident she meets with. She's as blind as a Beetle to the Perfections of her own Sex ; and the most celebrated Beauty, admir'd by nice Judges for her excellent Features, and graceful Deportment, is, in the penetrating Eyes of her more judicious Ladyship, but a meer Slat-tern in her Dress, or dowdy in her Countenance. If she be fair, she's painted ; if

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she

she be tall, she's a May-pole ; if she be lit-  
 tle, she's a Durgin ; if plump, she's an  
 Hostess ; if lean, a Bag of Carpenters  
 Tools ; if airy, she's confident ; if grave  
 and reserv'd, *the still Sow that eats up all*  
*the Draught* ; if gay in Apparel, she's a  
 meer Butter-fly ; if soberly dress'd, she's  
 like a Puritan in Querpo. In short, tho'  
 her Beauty's extraordinary, her Breeding  
 answerable, her Temper conformable, and  
 her Apparel agreeable, yet will her invi-  
 dious Ladyship find more Faults with ei-  
 ther her Person, or her Carriage, than a  
 wrangling Dissenter ever did with the  
 Church-Liturgy. Her Eyes are never  
 pleas'd with the Sight of any Body hand-  
 somer than herself ; therefore all of her  
 Acquaintance, who have that Advantage,  
 may be assur'd the Lustre of their Charms  
 will be spitefully eclipsed by some ill-na-  
 tur'd Blot, which she will find an Oppor-  
 tunity to foist into their Characters. No-  
 thing is so unwelcome to her Ears, as the  
 Praise of any of her own Sex, which she  
 always construes in an ironical Sense, and  
 so, by the Reverse of the Encomium, is  
 immediately furnish'd with a new Satyr.  
 If you commend a Woman for her Vertue,  
 she will tell you the Vices of the Fair are  
 not to be read in their Countenances, but  
 that some of her Sex only pin their Mo-  
 desty

deſty to their Stays, as they do their Stomachers ; and whenever they lay aſide their Whale-bone Security, and put on their Night-Cloaths, they are no more able to withſtand an Attack, than a young Bride the vigorous Assaults of her newly-marry'd Lover the firſt Night. She admires no Man, but him that will flatter her Failings, and liſten to her Reproaches ; and therefore is an excellent Companion for a Lampoon-Poetaſter, becauſe ſhe is always prepar'd to furniſh his Common-Place Book with freſh Scandal. For if a Lady at Court has been catch'd by her Page at the old Trade of Basket-making, or a Lord infuſing Quality into his Counteſs's Chamber-Maid, to be ſure ſhe's made acquainted, in a little Time, with the new comical Diſcovery ; for a merry Adventure, or a bawdy Intrigue, muſt be manag'd with great Privacy within the Bounds of the Court, to eſcape her Knowledge, becauſe her higheſt Satisfaction is to daily enquire into the Vices of the Honourable, and the wry Steps of the Godly, ſo that ſhe may have it in her Power to upbraid the Noble with their Degeneracy, and the Saints with their Hypocriſy, and that ſhe may have the Pleaſure of thinking herſelf as vertuous as the beſt of 'em. If ſhe hears of a Lady, that is ſubject to the

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Vapours



Vapours by drinking cold Tea, she presently concludes her to be a Woman of worse Liberty, and affirms, that a drunken Concupiscence keeps no Porter. Whenever she's in Company with both Sexes, she watches their Eyes as narrowly, as an old jealous Husband does the Leers and Glances of a buxom Wife, when a young Libertine is in Company, that she may judge the better how their vicious Appetites stand affected to each other, and censure them accordingly : For if an earnest Look, an amorous Ogle, or a familiar Smile, are but mutually administer'd by any Gentlemen and Lady to each other, she will certainly suspect, and as readily report, that a Game at my Lady's Hole, in a little Time, will be play'd between them ; for that she could see, by their Eyes, they were both ready to lift for Deal the very first Opportunity. She's so wonderfully jealous, so intollerably censorious of her own Sex, that if she sees a Woman of Quality stepping into a *Hackney-Coach*, without her Footman to attend her, she will presently conjecture, that some brawny Pensioner or other has had the Impudence that Morning to make a Cuckold of a Courtier ; nay, if she sees but a pretty Woman turn into a Prelate's Palace, she'll be apt to think she is running in all Haste to acknowledge

knowledge her Sins to one of the Bishop's Chaplains. She has such a strange Conceit of the World's Wickedness, that if she finds a familiar Acquaintance of her own Sex reading the *Practice of Piety* in her Bed-Chamber, she'll go near to fancy she has a hidden Gallant doing Penance in her Closet ; for she thinks Women use Devotion for a Blind to their Vices, as Fanatics do Religion for a Cloak to their Knaveries. She imagines Love to have so universal an Influence, that she takes *Cupid's Arcana*, or the Business of Intrigue, to be the weightiest Concern that attends human Life ; and whenever she sees any Body in Haste, either in Coach, or otherwise, she concludes they are running full Tilt into Fornication, or Adultery. If a Gentleman does but ask her the Age of her Lap-Dog, she immediately infers, he is fallen deeply in Love with her ; and if he proceeds to give her Hand but an affectionate Squeeze, if Opportunity stands fair, she expects to be ravish'd the next Minute ; for she thinks the forbidden Fruit the only tempting Felicity, that invites both Sexes to regard each other, and therefore makes it the Consequence of her uncharitable Notion, that a Man would never compliment a Woman, or a Woman smile upon a Man, but in Hopes to be farther happy  
at

at a more favourable Opportunity ; and that which confirms her in her loose Opinion, and makes her so censorious, are the Lust and Levity of her own carnal Inclinations ; For tho' without a Husband, she's neither Maid, nor Widow, but an insatiate Fornicatrix, with an unfruitful Womb, who pursues the Pleasure, tho' she hides the Shame ; therefore verily believes all as wicked as herself, and from her own private Liberties, judges ill of every Body, and speaks well of no Body.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

**O**F all the jealous Female-Race,  
No Dame is so censorious  
As she, who tho' she shuns Disgrace,  
Deserves to be notorious.

For as she sins without the Shame,  
And saves her Reputation,  
She thinks all Women do the same,  
Tho' free from Defamation.

Meeting with neither Child or Clap,  
All single Dames and Widows  
She fancies by some Art escape  
The same, yet kiss as she does,



You therefore, who had rather wed,  
 Than live at large, and wander,  
 Ne'er join the Dame in Marriage-Bed,  
 That's given much to Slander.

For she that's forward to distrust,  
 On slender Grounds, another,  
 Has stood Love's penetrating Thrust,  
 As surely as her Mother.

She that has broke thro' Vertue's Laws,  
 And no Delight refuses,  
 Will think all others bad, because  
 She muses as she uses.

The Mother ne'er had peep'd at Mouth  
 Of th' Oven for her Daughter,  
 Had not the Baker, in her Youth,  
 That Way of biding taught her.

Therefore the Fool, that wou'd be curs'd  
 Above his horned Brothers,  
 Of Plagues I'd have him wed the worst,  
 The Filt that censures others.

The

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*The Cunning Wanton :*

O R,

*Intriguing Lady.*

SHE's a Female-Politician, so very ready at Invention, that she can cover with her Tongue the Sins of her Tail, and convey herself so smoothly out of one Lover's Embraces, into the Arms of another, that if she has twenty Gallants, she will prattle them all into such an Opinion of her Constancy, that no one shall find Cause to suspect he has a Rival. When she's going about the worst Deed, she always puts on the best Countenance ; and if she lays open her *Prayer-Book* upon her Dressing-Table, in the Morning, to be sure she is in Hopes that her Legs before Night will be in the same Condition ; and when ever she goes mobb'd to *Covent-Garden-Church*, it is ten to one but her next Visit is to some Templer's Chamber : She is never without a new Blind, to a new Adventure. So that every fresh Intrigue her cunning Ladyship is engag'd in, is never without a Mantle of Pretence to hide the Bottom of her Design from the Suspicion of

of her Friends, or the Inspection of her Servants. The Beau she is most familiar with in the Eyes of the World, she always takes Care shall be a Stranger to the Cabinet of her Favours; so that at Length she draws him into the matrimonial Shackles, or at least upon all Occasions makes him a Voucher of her Vertue. For if one that is so intimate, will venture his Soul upon her Chastity, who will suspect her to be guilty with another, who, in the View of those about her, she always keeps at a much greater Distance. She is a Lady of that Experience in the Male-Sex, that she is seldom over-reach'd by the Flatteries and fair Promises of an insinuating Tongue, because she has Wit enough to know, that the most whining Pretender is always the greatest Hypocrite: Therefore, when ever she surrenders, 'tis to a Plain-Dealer, who has Courage enough to triumph over the Modesty of a Woman, and Honour enough to defend her Reputation, when he has done. But as for those cringing Coxcombs, that flutter about a Woman, like a Moth about a Candle, and pay so formal an Adoration to a furbulo'd Petticoat, as if it was the sacred Covering of a crinigerous Deity; she only entertains such Fops, for the Pleasure of a little Coquetry; makes them only her Pastime, as *Punchio-*  
*nello*



*nello* does his Butter-Fly, and feeds such Block-heads with no more than the Shadow of her Favours, whilst she willingly submits the pleasing Substance to more deserving Admirers. She is an absolute Mistress of all the Subtilties of her Sex, and has fifty Times the Cunning of a *Venetian* Curtizan, or a *Covent-Garden* Strumpet, and has as many Changes in her Mein and Countenance, as a *Drury-Lane* Actress, who can alter her Deportment from the Majesty of a Princess, to the Impudence of a Harlot; or from the Gravity of a Saint to the Gaiety of a Paramour just enter'd into Keeping. She has the Puritan Leer, the Libertine's Ogle, the scornful Frown, the amorous Glance, the awful Look, the Side-Box Squint, the drowsy Eye, the tempting Smile, the lecherous Pout, the moist Lip, the stately Stride, the jutting Step, the bridled Chin, the Toss of the Head, the Cast of the Fan, the familiar Squeeze, the Turn of the Toe, the Belly-Curt'sy, the promising Freedom, and the careless Indifference.

In short, she is a Woman of that wonderful Variety, that whoever knows her thoroughly, is at once acquainted with her whole Sex. She'll so dissemble Modesty, when Occasion requires it, that a Stranger would take her to be as chaste as

*Diana,*

*Diana*, tho' the next Opportunity, with a Gentleman she likes, she will shew herself as whorish as ever was *Venus*; and only differs from a common Strumpet, in these Particulars, *viz.* she has the Experience without the Scandal, the Kisses without the Kicks, the Variety without the Danger, and the Pleasure without the Punishment; for her Purse, and her Quality defend her from the Fear of *Bridewel*, or a reforming Constable. The highest Pleasure of her Life, is, in the nice Management of an amorous Intrigue, so that she may gratify her own Lust, oblige her Lover, and so deceive the World, at the same Time, as not to give the Censorious the least Occasion to suspect her, but that she may still pass as an undeflower'd Piece of Innocence to her next Admirer. Tho' her Quality is not big enough for the honourable Conversation of a lewd Dutcheß, yet she loves to follow the worthy Example of the Great, as well in their publick Customs, as their private Vices: So that she commonly moves in the Rear of them to Park, Play-House, and Hummums, *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, and *New-Market*; and wherever she rambles, has the Prudence to take Care to have as good a Love-Handle to hold by, as the best of them; for her Prattle, and her Pleasantry, with a tollerable Stock

Stock of Beauty, never fails to recommend her to the Love and Esteem of some Gentleman or other, who is as ready to oblige her, as if the Seat of her Honour had been proudly distinguish'd, and render'd more charming by the Title of Countess. If she chance to be discover'd, so far as to be suspected in any of her Amours, she will toss off a jocular Hint with such an unintelligible Carelessness and seeming Indifference, that the Person who intended the Sarcastm should take hold, will be apt to think the Jade is without Gall, because of her not winching ; and if she chance to be touch'd in a Lampoon, she has the Impudence to face it with a flat Denial of the Fact, and is ready enough of Wit to turn it off to another ; else affirms it misapply'd as to herself, by the Malice of a Gentleman, who attempted to debauch her, tho' she scorns to name him, in Respect to his Honour. But she blesses her Stars, tho' his Offers were large, she had Vertue and Wit enough to withstand the Temptation, and shall be careful for the future, however she's decoy'd into such designing Company. And after a subtile Justification of her Ladyship's Innocence, tho' every Vein of her Body has felt too often the Titulation of her Guilt, to be sure, she concludes with a smart Exclamation  
 against



against the Licentiousness of the Poet, and the Censoriousness of the Age, forgetting that it is high Time, that Hypocrites of Quality, who talk so much of Honour, yet rob the Courtisans of their Pleasure, and leave them nothing but the Scandal, should be upbraided with their Vices : For Whores, who are too stately for the Lash of a Beadle, are liable to no Correction that may reform their Manners, besides the Scourge of a Poet ; and she that, like a brazen Statue, can submit to either, without blushing, may be justly deem'd incorrigible. If ever she marries, she will be sure to have the Wit to chuse a Block-head for a Husband ; some alchymical Vertuoso, who's always in Search of the Philosopher's Stone ; or some Country-bred Esquire, whose Worship values nothing but his Hounds, and his Horses ; else some short-sighted Novice, who has but just Wit enough to defend him from the Misfortune of being begg'd for a Fool ; one that she can manage with such Female Dexterity, that tho' she is as great an Adulteress as ever was *Messilana*, she can still contrive Ways to confirm him in a Belief, that she's as vertuous as an Angel ; tho', perhaps, when her Beauty is declin'd, and she finds herself slighted by Men of equal Quality, her Lust grows so fordid, that she prostitutes her fading Charms to either

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his

his Butler, or his Coach-man ; and as her Years multiply, becomes so scandalously wicked, that she has nothing but the Prayers in her Family, her sham fasting twice a Week, the Trustiness of her Chamber-maid, and her own subtil Management, to support her from falling into publick Infamy : So that marry'd, or unmarried, she has so projecting a Head, and so ungovernable a Tail, that neither will be satisfy'd without an Intrigue on Foot, that may find such Employment for both, as shall be agreeable to their Faculties ; so that she is a perfect Machine, fitted by Art and Nature for all the various Operations of the most intricate Amours, in whose Contrivances may be found all the Workings and Windings of her whole Sex ; for she's so compleat a Mistress of the Art of Love, that she can corrupt the Vertuous, bewitch the Wary, blind the Vigilant, cozen a Gallant, outwit a Spy, and cuckold a Husband, as often as she pleases ; yet prevail with him to exhibit large Encomiums of her Honesty, in the very Company of those treacherous Friends, who have often, to their Satisfaction, had a Fellow-feeling of his Praise-worthy Lady's most incomparable Vertues. In short, her whole Life is a Labyrinth of Iniquity, under the Subtil Government of a prattling Hypocrite,

crite, who, as far as it is possible, covers her Lust with her Tongue, her Intrigues with her Conduct, and protects herself, by her Quality, from the Scandal of her Whoredom.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

**I***F she that boasts of noble Blood,  
Of Vertue, and of Honour,  
Will stray in spite of all that's good,  
And bring Disgrace upon her :*

*If such, who are so nicely bred,  
No Patience have to tarry ;  
But will, like German Eagle, spread  
Their Legs before they marry :*

*Well may young Country Jug and Joan,  
With Roger take their Freedom,  
And wanton Damsels, bred in Town,  
Submit to those that need 'em.*

*If Doll, the Chamber-maid, can find  
My Lady has her Paces,  
The Minx will have a longing Mind  
To yield her own Embraces.*

*No sooner that the Slattern knows  
Her Lady takes it freely,  
But John, the Butler, must be chose  
To be her Cockadilly.*



*If Quality thus run astray,  
Who practise so much kneeling,  
And yet as often as they pray,  
Make Use of Fellow-Feeling :*

*Well may those Dames, who never had  
Such pious Education,  
Thro' want of Sense or Grace, run mad  
For wicked Copulation.*

*Therefore, my Friend, if you'd be free  
From horned Defamation,  
Take Care as well of Quality,  
As those of lower Station.*

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*The Countess of Brandipolis :*

O R,

*The Topping Lady.*

**T**HO' a Native of *England*, yet her Countenance is *French*; for she derives her Complexion from *Nantz*, *Bourdeaux*, or *Coniack*, and generally in an Evening looks as fresh and as ruddy as a Beef-Stake, or a new-boil'd Lobster. By her inordinate Cups, she thrives in Bulk like a Dray-man, and has nothing but her Quality to distinguish her from an Hostess. It would make a Man smile to behold her Figure in a front Box, where her twinkling Eyes, by her Afternoon's Drams of Ratifée and cold Tea, sparkle more than her Pendants; whilst her flushing Face looks as fiery as the Gills of a Turkey-Cock in his Pride, just going to Cobble; so that she appears among the rest of the Ladies like a Blazing-Star, among the dimmer Lights but just visible in the spangl'd Firmament. In the Intervals of the Acts, she faces the Gentlemen in the Pit with the Confidence of an Orange-Wench, and so inspires their Wits by her

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glowing

glowing Smiles, that their chiefest Diversion is to descant upon her Countenance. Her Closet is always as well stor'd with Juleps, Restoratives, and Strong-waters, as an Apothecary's Shop, or a Distiller's Laboratory; and is herself so notable a Housewife in the Art of preparing them, that she has a larger Collection of Chymical Receipts, than a *Dutch* Mountebank; of which she is so very careful, that she never suffers them to travel any farther, than from her own Hand, to her House-keeper. The Scent of her Breath changes as often in a Day, as the Variety of her Cordials can well admit of: One Hour the savory Air that is pump'd up by her Ladyship's Lungs, shall smell as strong of Cinnamon-water, as the Breath of an old Fish-woman in a Frosty-morning. This she overcomes in a very little Time by a Dram of *French* Devil's Piss, and a Pipe of *Spanish* Tobacco, which are soon succeeded by a plentiful Glass of Simple Waters, or perhaps a Mouthful of Perfum'd Comfits, to disguise the sottish Remains of her contemplative Whiffs, or the scandalous Flavour of her intemperate Drams, tho' but to little Purpose: For whoever has the Honour to salute her Lips, or to come near enough to have the Happiness of her Ladyship's Whispers, may at any Time discover,



cover, by the odoriferous Breezes that come out of her Spiracle, what her Honour delights in ; for her Mouth is always tainted like a foul Pipe, or a Brandy-bottle. As soon as she rises, she must have a salutary Dram to keep her Stomach from the Cholick ; a Whet before she eats, to procure Appetite ; after eating, a plentiful Dose for Concoction ; and to be sure a Bottle of Brandy under her Bed-side, for fear of fainting in the Night. She is a generous Lady to her Servants, especially to her Waiting-woman ; for when the Vapours are predominant, she's so very apt to run over at the Bung-hole, that she spoils more Apparel, by spewing upon 'em, in six Months, than she could wear out in seven Years : So that when ever such a Mischance happens, to be sure the defil'd Garment goes no more into the Wardrobe, because it stinks of Brandy, and is therefore given to her Confident ; for it's a Dishonour to her Quality, to send any Thing to the Scowerers. She has her Weekly Bacchanals, as well as her private Retirements into her own Closet, where a female Society of the same Kidney and Degree, under the Notion of Card-playing, hold their inebrious Revels : Upon which Nights, the Servants are so dispos'd of against her Ladyship's Return, by the Dis-

cretion of her Waiting-woman, that when she comes Home in a Chair, she may totter up Stairs unseen by any but her Confidants, who are the officious Pimps that cloak the Vices, and preserve the Honour of their Keeper. Nor is she content alone to exercise her inebrious Freedoms with her own Sex, where her highest Satisfaction is to talk Bawdy, because she cannot act it; but my Lady must have a He-Cousin, whose masculine Stature confirms him to be a Man of most singular Performance, to pay his Visits upon such certain Days; at which Times, every Thing is put in order for his kind Reception, and my Lady not well enough to give Admittance to other Visitors, that should any ways interrupt her in the Felicity she proposes: And if she be not handsom enough to decoy some Gentleman to be a Drudge to her Cavity, when the Spirits that she pours into her Head begin to operate in her Tail, rather than her amorous Appetite should be unhappily disappointed, she will prostitute her Honour to her own Butler or Coach-man. For I think it may be taken as an undeniable Maxim, *viz.* That a Woman who loves drinking of strong Liquors, never suffers her Vices to terminate in the Bottle. Besides, she that has not Command enough of her Appetites,  
when

when she is sober, to forbear a Vice that is such a Dishonour to her Quality, can never have Prudence enough in her Cups, to preserve her Modesty, or secure her Reputation against farther Scandal. For, as the Love of Vertue, and the Fear of Shame, are commonly the Safeguards of a Woman's Chastity; so whenever she is so rash as to knock down one with the Bottle, it is ten to one but the Desire of Pleasure overcomes the other, and leaves her expos'd to all the indecent Liberties, that the Corruptions of Nature, when Reason is abandon'd, can possibly lead her into. For it may pass for a Proverb, not ill-grounded, viz. *That drunken Effeminacy at the Gate of Bliss, keeps no Porter.* Every Woman that loves Wine so well, as to celebrate a Bacchanal to a Pitch of Intemperance, will always find *Priapus* at the Bottom of the *Amphora*; for Drunkenness and Lust, like Impudence and Ignorance, are inseparable Companions. Therefore, the tipling Lady, who, by the Power of Brandy, shines as gloriously in her Coach, as the Sun in his Chariot. Tho' she may boast her Quality, instead of her Modesty, yet she is no more in Reality, than a licentious Wanton, who having those two Advantages of Honour and Estate, is enabl'd thereby to cover her Vices



ces with a richer Mantle, and is only look'd upon by the Wise and Vertuous, as a renown'd Libertine, who is a Scandal to a Court, instead of an Ornament ; whose boasted Honour is only supported by her Coach and Attendance, but has no Root in her Principles.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

*Since scornful Dames, of high Renown,  
Who ride in gilded Coaches,  
Become the Fests of Court and Town,  
For their obscene Debauches :*

*Well may Dame Thumbleton excuse  
The Love she'as for the Pitcher ;  
And needy Whores bred up in Stews,  
Take Pattern by the Richer.*

*If swelling Honour cannot bind  
My Ladies, who are Courtiers,  
From Stygian Drams, at first design'd  
For Carmen, and for Porters :*

*But Noble Blood must rob the Rogues  
Of their infernal Liquor,  
And lofty Ladies have their Cogues  
To make their Wits the quicker :*

*Who*

*Who then can blame the Market-Dames,  
That join their Pence together,  
And by internal Brandy-Flames,  
Keep out the frosty Weather ?*

*But female Quality, of late,  
To mend their tallow Faces,  
Such who of Birth and Vertue prate,  
Will tope off brimming Glasses.*

*So well the fiery Juice agrees  
With Woman's colder Nature ;  
'Twill make the rev'rend Lady kiss  
As warmly as her Daughter.*

*But if her Honour knows not how  
To use it as she should do,  
'Twill make her drunk as common Sow,  
And every Fot as lewd too.*

---

*The*

*The Dissatisfy'd Wife :*

O R,

*The Jealous Lady.*

SHE's such an unaccountable busy Body, that she is always in Search of what she hopes never to find ; and thro' Fear of her Husband's not loving her enough, is perpetually provoking him to love her but little : For the Snake of Jealousy, that she warms in her Bosom, so disquiets her Mind, that as the Worm bites her, she plagues her Spouse, and is as foolishly seduc'd by her Jealousy to rob her Husband of his Happiness, as the first Woman was by the Serpent, to cozen her *Adam* of his Paradise. She is always stinging herself with her whimsical Conceits, when her Bed-fellow's Abroad ; and when he returns Home, has no Way to ease herself of her own Torments, but by whipping him soundly with the same Nettles : For whatever her restless Jealousy insinuates into her credulous Breast, must be lowdly communicated to her unhappy Partener, who must be forc'd at Night to give an exact Journal of the Day's Transactions, or else

no



no Peace in *Israel*, no Smiles at Supper,  
 nor a Bit of Enjoyment within the nuptial  
 Curtains ; but the House until'd, the Doors  
 unhing'd, the Family put into Confusion,  
 and nothing but Buttock and Pout turn'd  
 upon the poor Gentleman; 'till by his  
 Vows and Protestations, he has remov'd  
 her Jealousy a little for the present ; and  
 by an humble Submission in all that she  
 requires, has, with much Difficulty, purchas'd a Reconciliation, perhaps, for one  
 Day : Or should he not Humour her in  
 those frenzical Fits, he must at least be at  
 the Charge of a Consult of Physicians, to  
 recover his dying Plague out of her dum-  
 pish Mood, into a Humour of Scolding,  
 and have her Bodkin and Scissars laid care-  
 fully out of the Way, for fear she should  
 rise in the Night, and do herself that Mis-  
 chief, which it's Pity she should be hin-  
 der'd from. It is not so much her extra-  
 ordinary Love, as her exorbitant Lust,  
 that is the chief Occasion of her trouble-  
 some Distemper, or that possesses her Breast  
 with this same Devil in an Uproar, who  
 is so bitter an Enemy to the Comforts of  
 Matrimony : for either the Want of Chil-  
 dren so fast as she desires them , or having  
 heard among her own Sex of the generous  
 Performance of some other Ladies Hus-  
 band, in such numerous Repetitions, which  
 her

her own has fallen short off, makes her apt to imagine, that she has only the Overplus of his amorous Indearments; and that he constantly reserves his more vigorous Abilities, to oblige some hidden Mistress, more beautiful than herself: And these are the lascivious Contemplations which generally nourish that implacable Jealousy, which is oftner the Offspring of a *Fura Matricis*, than a fond Affection. Besides, the melancholy Considerations of some Women being handsomer than herself, and her Husband a much prettier Gentleman, than the rest of her female Neighbours have the Fortune to be bless'd with, the natural Propensity that all Men have to oblige the Beautiful, and the slender Opinion she has of the fair Sex, from her own Infirmities, make her apt to think, that neither her own Charms, or her Husband's Fidelity, are sufficient to chain him to the matrimonial Oar; at which she wants him to be always tugging like a Slave in a Gally. She is so restless a Whether-d'ye-go? that she spends most of her Pin-Money in bribing her Spies to watch the Motions of her Husband; which she daily takes Care to have perform'd so effectually, that he cannot in a Tavern pay a civil Compliment to the Vintner's Wife, or a handsome Bar-keeper, or step out of his

his Coach at the *New-Exchange*, to prattle away a Quarter of an Hour among *Chaucer's Sempstresses*, *Who keep Shops for Countenance, and S— for Maintenance*; but my Lady has certainly a speedy Account of what ever pass'd; and then a Week's Indisposition is to be sure the Consequence; and the Family-Physician must pay his daily Visits, tho' to little Purpose. For he that can cure a Woman of her cross-grain'd Humours, must be something more than an *Æsculapius*; and so young and vigorous, as to stoutly administer that natural Balsom, which she chiefly pines after. For an *Injectio Seminis*, is the only Restorative for a Lady that languishes under this amorous Distemper, which at last she ventures to througly experience, when she likes her Physician; who, you must not imagine to be one of the College, but a private Practitioner, that carries his Physick in his Back, his Vehicle in his Breeches, and delights, as well as my Lady, in much Chamber-Practice; by which Means, in a little Time, she finds such a wonderful Benefit, that her Husband receives the Infection, and herself in a great Measure gets eas'd of her Distemper. For as she fancies he runs one Way, she'll be sure to run another; and as her Lust is satisfy'd, so her Jealousy decreases. Nor has she the Conscience



ence to think, that she does her Husband Injustice in the Alienation of her Favours, because she will still believe he was the first Aggressor, and will take that not only as a Provocation, but an Excuse sufficient for her own Lust, to use the same Liberty. Thus whoever finds he has a jealous Wife, has no small Reason to turn the Tables upon her Ladyship : Let him consider what it's for that she afflicts her Mind, disturbs her Rest, fills her fancyful Brains full of groundless Whimsies, sighs, cries, and wrangles, frowns, pouts, and grumbles ; 'tis for more of that of which she thinks she has too little ; so that if her Husband can give her more, and will not, or would give her more, and cannot ; let the Case be as it will, if she once proves dissatisfy'd with what himself shall think enough for a Wife's Portion, in all Probability in a little Time she will find out a Way to help herself ; for the Wife who is craving of larger Supplies, than consist with the Husband's Ability, or his Will to grant, what she can't have at Home, she will seek Abroad, and so good Morrow to you , Mr. Alderman : For Female Jealousy is seldom the Effect of honourable Love, but of craving Lust, too unruly to be bridled by Woman's Discretion, and too fiery to be quench'd by

by the dilatory Emissions of one single Engine.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

**W**Hen the brisk Help-Mate does begin  
To think her Husband slighting,  
And doubts he plays at in and in  
With Ladies more inviting:

'Tis Time he either mends his Pace,  
To prove she is not cheated;  
Or that he padlocks up the Place,  
Where Female Honour's seated.

Or else, to ease her longing Mind,  
She'll kiss behind the Curtain;  
And tho' she seems more fondly kind,  
Will horn him of a certain.

For when young Madam jealous proves,  
Her Husband may be sure on't,  
She only hints what 'tis she loves,  
And that she wou'd have more on't:

In Wives, it is a modest Way  
Of shewing what is wanted,  
And begging that our Favours may  
More lib'rally be granted.

I'm jealous Husband. *Prithee why?*  
 Because I'm so neglected.  
*That is, you don't repeat the Joy*  
*So often as expected.*

*Not but, perhaps, the Gypsy thinks,*  
*That you're a Man full able ;*  
*But that you kiss some wanton Minx,*  
*And misapply your Bauble.*

*No Matter whether false or true,*  
*Or brisk as other Fellows,*  
*Your Wife believes sh'as not her Due,*  
*Or else she'd ne'er be jealous.*

*For Jealousy's the Scum of Lust,*  
*That boils above Discretion ;*  
*And if one won't, another must*  
*Appease the frothy Passion.*

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*Bad*



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*Bad Luck to him that has her.*

O R,

*The Gaming Lady.*

SHE's a profuse Lady, tho' of a miserably Temper, whose covetous Disposition, is the very Cause of her Extravagancy ; for the Desire of Success, wheedles her Ladyship to play, and the incident Charges and Disappointments that attend it, make her as expensive to her Husband, as his Coach and six Horses. When an unfortunate Night has happen'd to empty her Cabinet, she has as many Shifts to replenish her Pockets, as a Town-Punk after she has been stripp'd by a reforming Constable. Her Jewels are carry'd privately into *Lumbard-Street*, and Fortune is to be tempted the next Night with another Sum borrow'd of my Lady's Goldsmith at the Extortion of a Pawn-Broker ; and if that fails, then she sells off her Wardrobe, to the great Grief of her Maids ; stretches her Credit amongst those she deals with, pawns her Honour to her Intimates, or makes her Waiting-Woman dive into the Bottom of her Trunk, and lug out her green Net-

Purse, full of old *Jacobus's*, which she has got in her Time by her Servitude, and her Pimping, in Hopes to recover her Losses by a Turn of Fortune, that she may conceal her bad Luck from the Knowledge of her Husband : But she is generally such a Bubble to some Smock-fac'd Gamester, who can win her Money first, carry off the Loser in a *Hackney-Coach*, and kiss her into a good Humour, before he parts with her, that she is generally driven to the last Extremity, and then forc'd to confess all to her forgiving Spouse, who either thro' his fond Affection, natural Generosity, Danger of Scandal, or Fear of Cuckoldom, supplies her with Money to redeem her Movables, buy her new Apparel, and to pay her Debts upon Honour, that her Ladyship may be in *Statu quo* ; in which Condition she never long continues, but repeats the same Game over and over, to the End of the Chapter : For she is so strangely infatuated with the Itch of Card-playing, that she makes the Devil's Books her very *Practice of Piety* ; and were she at her Parish-Church, in the Height of her Devotion, should any Body, in the Interim but stand at the Church-Door, and hold up the *Knave of Clubs*, she would take it to be a Challenge at *Lanctre Loo* ; and starting from her Prayers, would follow

low her belov'd *Pam*, as a deluded Travel-  
 ler does an *Ignis fatuus*. Whenever she  
 happens to have a lucky Night, her Ser-  
 vants are all delighted with the Gaiety of  
 her Humour; and Mrs. *Pimp-well*, her  
 Waiting-Woman, perhaps for pleasing her  
 Ladyship with a bawdy Jest, comes in for  
 half a Guinea to buy her a new Top-knot.  
 But if ill Luck happens to empty her Poc-  
 kets, and she returns Home early for want  
 of Money, her Supper is not well dress'd,  
 her Servants are negligent, her Bed made  
 uneasy, and her Chamber-Pot set with the  
 Handle the wrong Way. In short, no-  
 thing can please her, but a sleepy Forget-  
 fulness of her last ill Fortune, and the  
 waking Hopes of retrieving her Losses the  
 next Opportunity. She is so bewitch'd to  
 Gaming, that she loves a Pack of Cards  
 much better than her Children; for she  
 will quit the Satisfaction of toying with  
 the one, for the avaritious Pleasure of  
 playing with the other; and thinks every  
 Knave in the Pack, a better Companion,  
 than her Husband. The Diamonds in her  
 Ears, she would hazard upon those on the  
 Cards; and the only Reason that she re-  
 spects her Chaplain, is, that half the Pack  
 are of the same Colour with his Cloth.  
 Tho' she was bred a Protestant, she has a  
 mighty Veneration for the *Romish* Religion,



because they allow Gaming on Sundays, to be an innocent Diversion. The Deity she oftenest prays to, is, the Goddess *Fortune* ; and the Books she opens upon that Occasion, the Puritans affirm to be of the Devil's contriving ; yet she is so wedded to those spotted Evils, that she depends more upon their uncertain Kindness, than she does upon Providence.

Besides, the Cards to her Ladyship are almost as good as a Jest-Book ; for they furnish her in her Play with so many pretty Conceits, that she often makes them very merry Similitudes, and entertains herself pleasantly with her own Imaginations. When she claps the King upon the Queen, she cries, *My Ladies, there's a Wedding* ; and from thence delights herself with the merry Thoughts of the Business done upon the Nuptial-Night ; and if *Clubs* are Trump, she laughs heartily, to think what knocking Doings there will be before the Game's ended. When *Pam* wins the King, she Reflects upon the Favour that Knaves have at Court ; and when *Spades* are led about, she smilingly recollects how she was dug out of the Parsley-Bed. When *Hearts* are play'd, she thinks of nothing but Love ; and if *Diamonds* are Trumps at the same Time, she very prettily observes, how the greatest Hearts, especially Female,  
are

are captivated by Jewels, and overcome by Riches. Thus, by a Hieroglyphical and Symbolical Use of *Fortune's* Baubles, she exercises her Fancy, and gives at once a Recreation both to her Faculties, and her Senses. Her Passions are always working in her Breast, like so many Gaugers in the *Excise-Office*, one turning another out of its Place so fast, that none are long exercis'd, or long idle, except that of Hope, and that, like Quick-Silver in a Weather-Glass, is always rising or falling. Thus is her Ladyship wreck'd between Abundance of Contrarieties, and her Life made as uncertain as the Wheel of *Fortune*; yet she cannot stop herself in the hazardous Pursuit of this ridiculous Vice, 'till she has run her Husband into Debt, and impair'd his Estate beyond his Honour's Patience; and then she is carry'd down to some Country-House at a remote Distance from the Town, where she is forc'd to spend the Remainder of her Days under the Frowns of her Husband, the ill Words of his Servants, and the Curfes of his Tradesmen, 'till a melancholly Life makes her mopish as an old Cat, and her Money-less Restraint, as ill condition'd as the Devil.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**W**oman, when any Vice sh<sup>'s</sup> as chose,  
Whate'er the Devil ails her,  
The evil Habit ne'er can lose,  
'Till Purse or Beauty fails her.

If am'rous Sporting be her Game,  
But trust her o'er the Gruncel,  
And 'till she's old she'll hunt the same,  
In Spite of all good Counsel.

If Drinking be her chosen Vice,  
Ev'n Age will not reform her;  
But still she'll drink whilst she can piss,  
To keep her Clay the warmer.

If Gaming be your Wife's Delight,  
She'll grow but worse upon ye,  
And still play on, until her Sight  
Does fail her, or her Money,

Therefore e'en let her chafe and scold,  
But keep her from your Britches;  
Or else she'll game away your Gold,  
And soon exhaust your Riches.



Nor should you fear to be undone  
 By what she loses barely ;  
 For Women have more Games than one,  
 Who love the Cards so dearly.

If Fortune, in a moody Vein,  
 Should chance to hardly use her,  
 The Winner, if a handsom Man,  
 Must always kiss the Loser.

Thus Gaming very oft does prove  
 A Bawd to that which worse is,  
 And causes base adult'rous Love,  
 As well as empty Purses.

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Female

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*Female Secresy :*

O R,

*The Prying Lady.*

SHE's such a Lover of News, that her Father begot her with a *Gazette* in his Head, and has such a natural Propensity to the Knowledge of State-Secrets, that if her Husband happens to be a Privy Counsellor, he is more plagu'd with her inquisitive Impertinence, than a City-Lord with the grave Admonitions of his wiser Lady-Mayorefs. She has so great an Opinion of her own Conduct, that she fancies herself as cunning as a Madam *Maintenon*; and thinks it an insufferable Piece of Tyranny, that Women should be excluded from the Mysteries of State, since we have always thriven so notably under the Government of the Petticoat. She has such high Conceits of her own Sex, that she is apt to think it a Mistake in *Moses* to appoint Man the Sovereignty in his History of the Creation, and that it proceeded only from the grand Impartiality the Prophet had to his own Masculine Gender; urging, that as Heaven advanc'd in that wonderful

wonderful Work, every Thing that God made, was still more excellent; and therefore Woman being last created, must be the most perfect Creature, and consequently have the best Right to Superiority. If you talk of your *Alexander*, or your *Hannibal*, for Generals, she has her *Semiramis*, and her *Harpalice*: If you talk of your *Solomon*, or your *Ferdinand*, for Wisdom, she has her *Saba*, and *Elizabeth*: If you talk of *Ovid*, or your *Dryden*, for Poets, she has her *Sappho*, and her *Philips*. So, speak as you please, of your Kings, and your Hero's, she can readily, out of her own Sex, give you a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*. When his Honour returns Home to his Female-Politician, *What News, my Lord, have you brought me from Court?* is my Lady's leading Question; and if he does not amuse her with some strange Intelligence from behind the Curtain, but answers her, as a wise Man should do, with some trifling Evasion, her Ladyship presently falls into such a Fit of the Vapours, that hurries the Servants, spoils Supper, and puts the whole Family into a terrible Confusion. But if his Post be so great, as to be trusted with a Secret that relates to Government, and his Discretion so little, as to make my Lady acquainted with it, 'tis ten to one, but it will be so earnestly whisper'd



per'd from Lady to Lady, from them to their Maids, and by their Chamber-Slat-terns, in a kissing Humour, down to the Coach-men and Foot-men, 'till, at last, every Stable-Groom is so well acquainted with the *Arcana*, that they even talk it to their Horses. Therefore no Wonder, that a good Design should be circumvented by an Enemy, if such a Courtier be made a Confident, who will be kiss'd out of a Secret, and facifice his Country's Welfare to the Embraces of a *Dalilah*. Woman betray'd Man in the Beginning: That single Instance ought to be a Caution sufficient how we trust either our Wives, or our Mistresses, with Matters of Privacy, that do not belong to them; for tho' the one is in a Station too honourable to be rank'd with the other, yet they are both Women, leaky Vessels, not capable of Retention, because they are open at both Ends. If my Lady finds, that his Honour, upon a *Jubilee-Day*, has drank the King's Health plentifully, she never fails to make a good Use of such a lucky Opportunity: Then if his Majesty has had a new Intrigue, and gratify'd Royal Concupiscence with some fresh celebrated Beauty, to be sure my Lady must be pleasur'd with the luscious Particulars of who, how, where, and when, 'till the Liveliness of the Story has

so reviv'd her Appetite, that she heartily wishes she had the Honour to be strok'd with the same Scepter. So merry a Tale as this, is so naturally adapted to the Eloquence of a Woman, that, to be sure, the next Visit her Ladyship makes to Madam *Cunicula*, or the Countess of *Bumfeagle*, the whole Jest must be whisper'd behind the Fan; and the poor obliging Lady's Reputation, who, out of Duty and Loyalty to her Sovereign's Commands, was willing to become a Mother to some illegitimate Duke, be bandy'd about the Table, at *Omber* or *Basset*, 'till at last her kind Adventure is become as common a Talk, as if she had been kiss'd in a Market-Place. By such Sort of Means as these, the little Miscarriages of our Princes become the sawcy Ridicule of every ill-bred Scoundrel, and the diverting Table-Talk of every drunken Society, 'till, by Persons disaffected, every Mole-hill of a Failing is improv'd into a Mountain, and a generous and merciful King often made the Contempt of his Subjects. By repeated Calumnies, in the same Manner, was our amorous Sovereign, the Second of his Name, expos'd to the Publick in all his private Enjoyments. Those who were the greatest Pimps to his Pleasure, us'd to make the little masculine Oversight of their  
 Royal

Royal Master, the familiar Entertainments of their Wives and Mistresses, who, afterwards would industriously report the same with some additional Advantages, and oftentimes plead the Royal Example, in Bar of the Reproach due to their own worse Levity, and more inexcusable Incontinence. For as he had the great Misfortune to have a barren Princess unhappily impos'd upon his Royal Bed, in a great Measure it extenuated his Fault ; and tho' it could not justify the Vice, yet it made the best of Men connive at the Infirmary, and ascribe it to a generous Propensity in his Royal Nature, to bless the World with a Race of gallant Princes, in whom that Mercy, Wisdom, and Magnanimity might for ever shine, which were in himself so admirable. Therefore, since the Secrets of Princes, that respect either their Politicks or Vices, can never be discover'd to the Publick, without Injury to their Persons, Dishonour to their Royalty, or Danger to their Government, I think he that is intrusted, and discovers them to a Woman, whether Wife or Mistress, ought to be shewn thro' a Kingdom in a *Bajazet's* Cage, and hooted at for an Owl, 'till he dies with Contempt, or beats out his little Brains against the Sides of his Prison.



Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

*S*HE that unlocks her Husband's Breast,  
By fondling and indulging,  
Dives only that her Tongue may taste  
The Pleasure of divulging.

For what her Kisses gain o'er Night,  
Next Day she must discover,  
And, with a cautious Hint, recite  
The pleasing Secret over.

If bawdy, then her neighb'ring Dame  
Receives the Jest with Laughter,  
And wonders how my Lady came  
Thus privy to the Matter.

If weighty, then amaz'd she stands,  
Tho' with the News delighted;  
And lifting up her Eyes and Hands,  
Cries, Madam, I am frightened.

Thus 'tis from one to one reveal'd,  
Tho' 'twas to go no further;  
'Till what each vow'd should be conceal'd,  
Be publish'd, tho' it's Murder.

Fine Ladies, well as tatling Drabs,  
Conform to Female Custom;  
For Heav'n has made all Women Blabs,  
To warn us how we trust 'em.

The

*The Widow's Lawyer, in his Wine,  
As he a Bond was making,  
With Know one Woman, did begin,  
The common Form mistaking.*

*Says she, O! fie, your Bond is lame,  
It should have been All Men, Sir.  
With that he looks upon the Dame,  
And makes this witty Answer.*

*Says he, I've made it right and Just;  
For if one Woman knows it,  
'Tis very plain, that all Men must,  
For she will soon disclose it.*

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*From*

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*From the Spinning-Wheel, to the Coach :*

O R,

*Golden Joan made his Worship's Lady.*

SHE's the Daughter of a rich Grasier, who, by feeding Oxen, and fattening Hogs for the Queen's Slaughter-House, has been able to match her to a Country-Justice, or the Sheriff of the County. She's a sinister Lady, that leans a little to the left, by stooping in her Minority to the Hufwifry of the Spinning-Wheel; and waddles, like a Duck, with her Toes inwards, in due Observance of her Mother's good Counsel, who bid her always be careful, before she was marry'd, to keep her great Toes together, lest some Clown or other should tumble in between them, and spoil the pretty *Bauble-Trough*, that was design'd for a Gentleman; but now being snatch'd from all those Dangers, and, for the Sake of her Money, made his Worship's Lady, we must describe her as such in the very *Zenith* of her Glory. To improve her Carriage, and reform her hoydening Deportment from the rural Straddle, she is now taught to slubber over a primitive

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*Courant,*



*Courant*, by her Husband's old Barber, who playing upon the Bag-Pipes, and a little upon the Cittern, undertakes to be a Refiner of course Breeding ; and not only to teach the Country-Jugs to drop an *alamode* Curt'sy, but to instruct them in Dancing, having learn'd the Art by seeing the *Fairy-Queen*, and her diminutive Subjects, make their Honours to the Stars, and shake their Arses in the Moon-shine. When she has been painfully taught to hop and hobble, like a Clock-work Figure in a *Raree-Show*, to the Delight of her Spouse, and the Satisfaction of her Master, she then begins to think herself as accomplish'd a Lady, as any within the Limits of her Husband's Jurisdiction. Thus qualify'd, in a Term or two's Time, she prevails with her Beloved to bring her up to *London*, that she may see the Lyons in the Tower, the Tombs in the Abbey, *St. Paul's Church*, and, at last, the Play-House ; where she sits perking in the Pit, nodding wrong Time to the Musick, and gazing about her as wildly as a Hare new started, 'till she is as much star'd at for her awkward Deportment, as if she was some foreign Embassadress from the Empress of Noddy-Land, where the Women ride a Hunting, whilst the Men skim the Porridge-Pot. When the Audience are attentive, she'll  
be

be pointing at some of the Actors, and asking her *Doodle* Questions ; and when the rest hiss, she'll laugh as loudly, as a Bumkin at a Mountebank ; and when they clap, she'll be ready to hallow, tho' she knows no more at what, than the unborn 'Squire that is within her. If it chance to be a Tragedy, and a Ghost happens to be usher'd in with Thunder and Lightning, she's as much frightened, as a Squirrel at the Noise of a Drum, or a Jack-Daw at the Report of a Fowling-Piece, and clinging close to her Husband, or any Body else that is next to her, for Fear of the Goblin ; wishing every Minute, that the Parson of the Parish may be sent for, to lay the evil Spirit. At the Hero's Catastrophe, she has much ado to forbear shrieking ; and thinks it abundance of Pity, that so handsom a Gentleman should be us'd so barbarously. When the Play is ended, she is glad 'tis over, believing the Stage to be as cruel a Place, as a Butcher's Slaughter-House ; and hanging upon the Arm of her honest Bedfellow, asks him as many silly Questions, relating to those strange Things she had been a Spectator of, as would have tir'd a *Moorfields* Conjuror, who had been us'd his whole Life-Time to the Prattle and Impertinence of Fools, and old Women. If she riggles her brawny

Bum thro' the City on Foot, she makes herself, and her *Coridon*, so very ridiculous, by peeping into the Shops, and staring up at the Signs, that the Apprentices are ready to think, that they were bred, from their Cradles, in the dark Dungeon, where Doctor *B—ges's* Farthing-Candle was so great a Wonder, and that they were just launch'd into the wide World by Day-Light, that they might behold, with Amazement, the brighter Glories of the Sun. If she be coach'd thro' the Town, her Head will be always out of the Coach-Door, staring at one Novelty, or another, that those who are with her, are forc'd to put her in Mind, or else she would forget to pull it in again. If her Spouse carries her to a Toy-Shop, she comes loaded out, like *Ferry Blackacre* in the *Plain-Dealer*; and the *China* Ware-House, or a Picture-Shop, are such inviting Places, that she cannot return from either, 'till she has broke her Cockadilly of all his ready Money, be he never so well furnish'd. If to present his Tib with a new Gown and Petticoat, he carries her to a Mercer's, she is so wonderfully taken with the Gentility and Complaisance of the smock-fac'd Apprentices, that her Husband has much ado to get her out of the Shop again; and is, at last, forc'd to alarm her with two or  
three



three jealous Humphs, before he can awake her out of her amorous Dream, and persuade her to step back, with her new-bought Finery, into the old Chariot. If she happens to have the Honour to see her Majesty at Dinner, she stares her as full in the Face, as if she was her Equal, remembering the old Proverb, *viz.* that a *Cat may look upon a King* ; and is for peeping, as near as she can, to see whether the Queen be made of Flesh and Blood, or that she is some heavenly Object of a more divine Nature; and when she has thoroughly convinc'd herself she is no more than a Woman, she retires back with Abundance of Satisfaction, and thinks she has discover'd a mighty Secret, because she had heard at her Husband's Table, that Kings and Queens were God Almighty's Vicegerents, from whence she inferr'd, they must be some Angelical Off-spring begot above, and dropp'd out of a Cloud, in full Stature, to the Government of their Kingdoms. Thus his rural Worship dandles about his Hoyden, from Place to Place, 'till he has shewn her the Town, and then leaves her in the City to the Protection of some She-Relation, whilst himself rambles daily to take a chirruping Bottle among his drunken Acquaintance ; which desir'd Opportunity she cunningly improves with

some finikin Shop-keeper, that she may be sensible of the Difference between a Country Churl, and a spruce *Londoner*, who, after having several Times repeated the sweet Experiment, to her Heart's Content, is dragg'd down again into the Country, by a Couple of Plow-Horses, where she licks her Lips, like *Solomon's* Harlot, as if she had done no Harm; chucks her Cuckold under the Chin, and takes her Turn at the Pudding-Bowl; but never forgets the pretty Trick that she learn'd at *London*, 'till she has furnish'd the Family with such a mottled Breed, that are obscurely related, by their Fathers Sides, to half the Gentlemen in the County.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

**T**HE 'Squire that leads a rural Life  
*Among his Hounds and Horses,*  
 And takes a Country Joan to Wife,  
 To join their wealthy Purses;

*Had best be careful how he brings  
 Her rosy Cheeks to London,  
 Lest, by fine Men, and pretty Things,  
 The giddy Fool be undone.*

*For Madam will the Spark admire,  
 Whose Gallantry's exceeding,  
 And quit her surly Country Squire,  
 For Beau of nicer Breeding.*

*He's wise, that thinks his Wife is true  
 To Vertue, and to Honour ;  
 But he's the wiser of the two,  
 That keeps an Eye upon her.*

*Convenient Time, and proper Place,  
 With him that knows to flatter,  
 In Spite of Modesty and Grace,  
 Will cause her Chaps to water.*

*For holy Wedlock's but a Kind  
 Of lawful Obligation,  
 That is not strong enough to bind  
 A Woman's Inclination.*

*When lovely Objects do appear,  
 Their fickle Hearts will wander ;  
 And as Temptation draws more near,  
 Forget the Vows they're under.*

*Therefore, since Wives, altho' debarr'd  
 By Wedlock, yet will do it ;  
 Let's be our selves their Vertue's Guard,  
 But never let 'em know it,*



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*High Birth, but no Fortune :*

O R,

*The Depending Lady.*

SHE's a Kind of a *Camelion* of Quality, whose Honour is fed by the Air, and herself supported by the Charity of her Relations. She's the worthless Twig of some wither'd Branch of an ancient Family, who inherits nothing of her Ancestors, but their Pride and Vanity. She's a conceited *Madam Nice*, who values herself highly upon her noble Blood, tho' we may see by her Looks, it is not half so wholesome, as that which is stuff'd into a cleanly Hog's Pudding. She's a Lady of great Gentility, but no Fortune ; of wonderful Breeding, but no Sense ; and of extravagant Prodigality, without Bottom. Her Beauty she thinks admirable, because of her Youth ; her Conversation honourable, for her liberal Education ; and her Presence venerable, for the Antiquity of her Family. She's a living Library of obsolete Heraldry, and can derive, without Book, her own Genealogy, down from *William* the Conqueror ; amongst

mongst whose lousy Rapparees, perhaps, the Father of her Tribe came over a Foot-Soldier. If the Countess of *Lumberland*, that keeps her, talks of marrying her to a Citizen, she presently crys for at the nasty Mechannick, and will rather submit to hand her Ladyship the Chamber-pot, and pin up her Gown to Eternity, than dishonour her Family so far, as to adulterate her Quality with such coarse Mold. No truly; she thinks it less Scandal to carry a Snap-sack after a Gentleman-Soldier, than to shew her Face in a Shop with a crop-ear'd Fellow, that had serv'd seven Years Apprenticeship. If any Body offers to court her, the first Questions she asks him, are, *Pray, Sir, what's your Coat of Arms? Where lies your Estate? What great Family are you a-kin to?* And then she proceeds to entertain him with her own Pedigree. But as soon as he takes the Freedom to enquire into Madam's Fortune, she flirts out of the Room with abundance of Contempt, spits up her Venom as soon as out of his Sight, and complains to my Lady *Cousin*, what an unmannerly Bumkin she had got for an Admirer; as if a Woman of her Family, who (bless'd be her Stars) had Youth enough of her Side, as well as some Beauty to recommend her, was not a fit Match for a Country-Looby of five hundred

dred a Year, without a Fortune, marry come up! If all Women were of her Mind, such a Blockhead as he should be glad to skip at a Chamber-maid. If my Lady's Chaplain should have the Confidence to pay the early Fruits of his Maiden Affections to her, in Hopes to oblige the Family to bestow the better Living upon him, and to provide for him the sooner, she changes her familiar Smiles into a haughty Look, and very gravely tells him, she would advise him to have Patience 'till he comes to be a Bishop, and if she chances to live single so long, perhaps, then she may talk with him: Yet, was she to be judg'd by any but her own partial Opinion, notwithstanding her Ambition, which vainly hopes for a Coach and six, the whole Catalogue of her Perfections, considering her *White-Chappel* Portion, would scarce deserve a Match with her Cousin Countess's Butler. 'Tis true, she can sing a *French* Song, and dance a Minuet, about as well as the Wife of a *Spittle-fields* Weaver, make Hartshorn Gellies; and perhaps, has learn'd of the House-keeper to stew Marmolet, and distil Plague-water: But as for her Inspection into culinary Arts, or the Female-Policy, that is necessary for the Government of a Family, she is as much a Stranger to such necessary



cessary Qualifications, as she is to Humi-  
 lity, good Nature, and her own Infirmi-  
 ties. Or was she to wear no Smocks, but  
 whose Seams were to be wrought by her  
 own lilly-white Fingers, when she dis-  
 rob'd at Night, she must follow the *Cum-  
 berland* Fashion, and tumble into Bed as  
 naked as our Grand-mother *Eve* without  
 her Fig-Leaves; for she hates the Thoughts  
 of being her own Sempstress, because the  
 Levity of her Sex has made the Trade  
 so scandalous; but she is so quick-sighted  
 an Artist at *Basset*, *Omber*, and *Pickquet*,  
 that my Lady's Daughters, and the young  
 Chaplain, are scarce able to keep a Penny  
 of Money from her; tho' the latter often  
 loses his Money, in Hopes to gain the  
 Woman; and indeed were he to have her  
 without a fat Benefice, it is ten to one, but  
 instead of blessing his Stars, he would be  
 bound to curse his Fortune; tho' it is a  
 great Advantage to a young Divine, that  
 he chuses a Partner in the Flesh, out of a  
 Great Family; for, by that Means, he is  
 generally entitl'd to the best Preferments  
 that lie within their Presentation; that  
 makes my Lady's Woman often fare so  
 well, who so little deserves it. She is so  
 great a Plague to her Cousin Countess's  
 Foot-men, in sending 'em of Errands to  
 her Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Head-dresser,  
 that

that they curse her worse than they do the Steward, when he takes Poundage out of their Wages ; yet they are forc'd to submit, as if her own Lackeys , lest she should whisper something in my Lady's Ear, that may turn 'em out of their Places: For she's a Spy upon the Family, which makes her lov'd by the Countess, but hated by the Servants. The Waiting-woman looks upon her with as evil an Eye, as the Heir of a Family does upon an old Spunger, who has the Ear of his Father ; and indeed not without Reason, for she often anticipates the wither'd Sy-cophant of a good Gown and Petticoat, which the fawning Slattern is apt to think she has the best Title to ; tho' the depending Kinswoman is as oft consulted about plumping up the Hips, cocking the Rump, and pinning up the Gown, as the other ; but only, as a Relation, she has the Honour to dine at the Countess's Table, and is exempted from the servile Expedition of running hastily for the Chamber-pot. For Want of better Company, she is coach'd sometimes with my Lady to the Park, where she perks up her Head, and ogles the Quality with as much Confidence, as if she was as great a Fortune as any in the Ring. After this Sort of Manner, the finikin Remnant of some decay'd Branch of  
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an ancient Family, spins away her Time, buoy'd up with the ambitious Hopes of decoying some wealthy Blockhead into her fortuneless Embraces ; thinking, that her Coat of Arms, and the Records of her Ancestors, are sufficient to recommend her to a generous Husband ; 'till at last, she is convinc'd, by the sorrowful Declension of her Halcyon Days, and the Post Meridian of her fading Beauty, that Gentlemen of Value are not such Fools, as to fling away their Persons and Estates upon the worthless Ultimates of old Families, for only the Honour of wearing a better Coat of Arms than their own, *In Parte per Pale*, upon the Doors of their Coaches. So that at last the haughty Madam, being a little humbled by her Fits of Repentance, that she had withstood her Market ; and having an absolute Aversion to the leading Apes in Hell, resolves to lay fast Hold of the next Offer ; which, in all Probability, proves an unbenefic'd Curate, in Hopes of a Living ; or some tottering Apothecary, to ingratiate himself with the Family, who can do no less, than find out Ways and Means to reward the bold Adventurer.

Familiar



Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**I**F highly bred, tho' at others Cost,  
How Madam makes a Pudder,  
Altho' she nothing has to boast,  
Besides her Tongue and Udder :

This is not good enough to wear,  
Nor that to please her Palate,  
Altho' her Fortune is so bare,  
She scarce deserves a Vallet.

Yet, highly born, she hopes at least  
To be my Lady Kath'rine,  
Tho' the proud taudry Flirt, at best,  
Is but a worthless Slattern.

What, tho' she young and airy be,  
And has her Share of Beauty,  
She's born with too much Quality,  
In Wedlock to be true t'ye.

Th' ambitious Madam seldom loves  
The Blockhead that she marries ;  
And tho' with Child she never proves,  
She very oft miscarries.

*For Beauty, who can boast no Gold,  
 Seeks out for some rich Tony ;  
 The gouty Fool that's lame and old,  
 May buy her with his Money.*

*But when he's done, not all his Wealth  
 Will to his Bed secure her ;  
 She'll have a handsom Spark, by Stealth,  
 To do her Business for her.*

*Like Flies about a Honey-pot,  
 The Beaus will flock about her,  
 And quickly make him curse his Lot,  
 And wish himself without her.*

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*The*

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*The Fashionable Bawd :*

O R,

*The Lady's Confident.*

**S**HE is a cunning Jilt, who having waited upon Quality in her youthful Days, has had a large Opportunity of being well acquainted, not only with their Persons, but their Intrigues and Managements, and of making herself an absolute Mistress of all the useful Variety of Blinds and Subtilties, by which the proud Part of the World obscure their libidinous Practices from the Knowledge of the Publick; and when, by Observation and Experience, she believes herself qualify'd in all the Mysteries of Iniquity, by the Encouragement of some lascivious Dutchess, or wanton Lady, to whom, in her Time, she has been a trusty Confident, she ventures to take some costly Structure, situate amongst the upper Rank, convenient for her Purpose, which she finely furnishes, partly upon Credit, procur'd her of the Upholderer, by some honourable Friends, who, at the same Time, intend, upon all amorous Occasions, to make a familiar Use, both of



of the House and Furniture. When she has thus far proceeded, the next necessary Provision, is, a reputable Cloak for her scandalous Employment, that, by an outward Appearance, she may cheat the Eyes of her Neighbours, as our modern Saints do the World, by their external Sanctity. In Order to accomplish this Difficulty, she furnishes a close Shop, or rather Warehouse, up one Pair of Stairs, with *East-India* Goods, fine Fipperies and Toys, *Dutch Ware*, *China*, &c. and writes over her Door, in great golden Letters, something that may signify the foreign Nick-nacks that she deals in; but not a Word of those Commodities, which she hopes to get most by, because she has not the Power of disposing of them according to her own Will, being only well pay'd, at certain Times and Seasons, for allowing them House-Room, where they may gratify their Levity. No sooner is she in this Readiness for the Reception of her Customers, but young impatient Ladies, fumbled over at Home by old skinny Lords, or slighted by their espous'd Libertines, whose puny Appetites are seldom to be rais'd by the surfeiting Charms of a nuptial Bed-fellow, flock in apace to view her flickering Curiosities, see her commodious Lodgings, and furnish themselves

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and

and their Closets, with such inviting Ornaments, as shall be most agreeable to their extravagant Fancies ; which are no sooner bought, but so shew'd about and commend-  
 ed from Lady to Lady, that in a little Time, by the friendly Industry of the Countess of *Stiffenbauble*, and my Lady *Loosebottom*, she has as much Business as she can turn her Hand to. For vending the best of Gloves and Handkerchiefs for Gentlemen, also the finest *Hollands* and Muslins for Shirts and Neckcloths, the Beaus of Quality, as well as the Belfa's, have an equal Pretence to be daily fluttering about her, to observe what high Game frequents her *Lenonian* Meeting-House ; which, as soon as generally known to the frolicksom Part of those worse Mortals, whom we call our Betters, begins to flourish like a new City-Conventicle, that you shall seldom go by, but you shall see two or three C——s, besides *Hackney-Coaches*, waiting at the Door ; which is a sufficient Indication to all those who understand Intriguing, that the incontinent Amorists of the upper Form, do not meet there so often only to fit their Hands with Gloves, their Closets with *China*, or their Noses with Handkerchiefs ; but to accommodate each other with those pleasurable Conveniencies, which are much more conducing to their  
 mutual

mutual Satisfaction: For having, by her experienc'd Fidelity, acquir'd among the Ladies the singular Reputation of a trusty Confident, in the Cant of Quality, a very good Woman, which, by a Figure in Female Rhetorick, signifies one that is close-mouth'd, and warily wicked enough, to manage, with Secresy, the most vitious Enterprize; she is frequently trusted with those intricate Amours, that often pass between great Persons, which she always takes Care to very craftily facilitate, as much for her own Interest, as the Felicity of those, who have chosen her for a Confident. Thus, by Degrees, her Fame is whisper'd amongst our First-rate Sinners, 'till she is become venerable in the Thoughts of all high-flown Wantons, from *Southampton-Square*, to *Hide-Park-Corner*, and reverenc'd by the long-tail'd Beaus, and strong-back'd Operators in venereal Drudgery, as much as a Lady *Abbess*, by a brawny Convent of young lecherous Fryars. Whatsoever she sells, she is as well pay'd for, as that mercenary Rogue, a Tally-man; and for every Room, tho' it's occupy'd but an Hour, she is as generously rewarded, as ever loud-mouth'd Sir *B—t* was for an Hour's Pleading, or his dissenting Brother for preaching a Funeral-Sermon. If any unfortunate Lady



out of the Pale of Wedlock, happens to be troubl'd by over-heaving herself, with the sprawling Tympany, and her Reputation is so nice, as to be asham'd of the Distemper, if she can but contrive, by the Assistance of her Taylor, to conceal the swelling Misfortune from giving an ocular Demonstration of what she has been doing behind the Curtain, 'till the Fruit is so ripe, that the Tree is fit to be shaken; our She-Haberdasher of all Wares, is never without a Conveniency, where she may launch the little living Testimony of her own Fertility, and her Gallant's manly Performances, into the wicked World, and soon reduce herself to her Maiden Slendernefs, and be carefully assisted with all the artificial Helps, that are usually apply'd to recover lost Virginity, and a *Habeas Corpus* into the Bargain, without the Knowledge of the Parish, if she will but plentifully pay for it, to remove the bastardly Body of her sinful Progeny to such a remote Distance, that it shall never become troublesome hereafter to its unknown Parents. By such Sort of secret Managments in the dark Mysteries of Vice, she gets Money a-pace, and is so highly carefs'd by all those, whose Honour and Reputation are submitted to her Custody, that, besides the Golden Drops  
that

that contaminate her Palms, she is never without a Present of some dainty Eatables or other, to satiate her own luxurious Appetite, and corroborate the Nerves and Sinews of some brawny Stalion, who, for gratifying her Lust, is chiefly supported by her generous Benevolence. After this Manner she proceeds and thrives for a Time, like a Court-Procurefs to some lascivious Monarch, 'till at last, by the cunning Vigilance of some industrious Spy, a Great Man's Wife or Daughter, is plainly detected under her Roof, in the Practice of Incontinence; which is so whisper'd about, 'till a publick Scandal is fix'd upon her House, and then her Quality-Customers, for the better Security of their own Honour, are forc'd to withdraw themselves from their old trusty Friend, and dare not be seen to approach the Doors, for fear their Reputation should be tainted with the Infection. So that the Greatness of her Rent, the Extravagance of her Living, and the Slackness of her Trade, soon brings her to Poverty; and that to the Infamy of a common Bawd, under which odious Character, she at last perishes betwixt Want and Distemper, pity'd by none, but curs'd by many.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**W**Hen Lust inflames a Woman's Breast,  
And fires her Inclination,  
She's not alone content to taste  
The Sweets of Generation.

But when she's as oft the Bliss enjoy'd,  
A farther Itch arises,  
And makes her fond to be employ'd  
In others secret Vices :

For she that once has taken Man,  
Hates Lovers should be idle,  
And is for chaining all she can,  
Like Monkeys, by the Middle :

Judging, by'rself, the Brisk and Blith  
Are all inclin'd, by Nature,  
To have a Fellow-feelling with  
Their amorous Fellow-Creature.

She smiles to hear my Lady cant  
Of Honour so precisely,  
And thinks she ploughs with some Gallant,  
But that she does it wisely :

Well



*Well knowing 'tis a common Blind,  
 For Women to be railing  
 Against that pleasing Sin, they find  
 To be the most prevailing.*

*Therefore, the bumble Punk is proud  
 To see her lofty Betters,  
 Who talk so much of being good,  
 As bad as other Creatures :*

*Turns Bawd and Pimp, that she may tell  
 Convincing pretty Stories,  
 To prove her Grace-Intrigues, as well  
 As Phillis, or as Chloris.*

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*The Great Man's Prostitute :*

O R,

*The Original of an Actress taken into  
Keeping.*

**S**HE is generally a By-blow, put off in her Infancy with a small Sum of Money, to be nurs'd up by the careful Wife of some indigent Taylor, or poor Shoe-maker ; else lawfully begotten, and train'd up in some back Street or Alley near *Long-Acre*, by a jolly Porter, upon his huffily Dame, who makes Mustard, crys hot Gray-peas, or keeps an Apple-stall. As soon as the pretty Blossom has well shifted off her piss-tail swadling Clouts, and begins to look with Contempt upon her old legless Cradle, she is made, in her Mother's Absence, Superintendant over some Parish Nurse-Child ; or else has some new-born Brother or Sister of her own thrust into her childish Arms, to dandle and play with, instead of a Jointed-Baby ; which the poor little Creature lugs about as awkwardly, as'a She-Monkey will a Kitten, when she robs the old Cat of her young Nursery.

When

When the little draggel-tail'd Meretrix is shot forward into riper Years, and has acquir'd Strength enough to contribute something to her own Sustainance, she is employ'd at Noon, to cry Beef and Broth for some Boiling-Cook, among Journey-men-Taylors; and at Night, hot Ox-cheek, sold at the Mouth of a stinking Cellar, by some fore-ey'd Beldam, which the squealing Baggage exhibits so notably, having a chirping Voice, that she has Two-pence a Time allow'd her for every audible Proclamation. The next Step of Advancement, when, at the Age of Twelve or Thirteen, is, to go to Market with her Mother, help bring Home her Fruit, to take Care of her Stall, that neither Hogs or Boys invade the Property of the old Woman; and from thence is promoted to cry Nuts and Damsons in *Bartholomew-Fair*; growing all this while a very pretty Wenche, wanting neither Beauty or Impudence to qualify her for that Station, which Nature has design'd her for. At length, being taken Notice of by some of the stroling Players, her Mother is solicited by some old Bawdy Mistrefs of a Company, that she may be train'd up at *Windmill-Hill-Theatre*, or be enter'd into the List of some travelling Company of wandering Comedians; which, after the deceitful Promises



Promises of wonderful Encouragment, the Mother consents to; and so at once her Rags are chang'd into shining Tinsy, her dirty Face into a patch'd Countenance, and her Straw-Hat into a Plume of Feathers; and thus impudent *Bess* is turn'd of a Sudden into Madam *Betty*; and is made at least a *Helen of Greece*, or a famous *Cleopatra*, the very next Opportunity; which, considering her Education, she performs with that Applause, at the upper End of *Moor-fields*, or else in some Country-Stable, metamorphos'd into a Theatre, that the Apprentices and Cook-Wenches are all mightily pleas'd, and the very Players themselves are ready to Clap her, but that the Mistress takes Care to prevent their early Compliment. She does not long occupy her Talent in this humble Capacity, before she is thought qualify'd for another Step of Preferment; so that she is now invited from *Windmill-Hill*, near to the Cellar of her Nativity, where she has the Honour to be elected one of her M——'s Commedians, and takes her Place upon the Stage accordingly; where her youthful Beauty, tho' originally deriv'd from course Neck-Beef and Dumplins, oil'd over with the Fat of the Pot, outshines those Tallow-Faces in the Front-Boxes, who have nothing but their empty

ty Honour, and boasted Quality, to recommend them to their Equals. Being a new Face, the Beaus admire her, the Ladies envy her, the old gouty Debauchees applaud her, and all encourage her with their Claps of Thunder. Tho' her Genius is so adapted to her new Employment, that she needs no such Artifices to support her Confidence, but performs her Parts with such an undaunted Presence, that the Audience might reasonably guess, her Mother was an Orange-Wench, her Father a Player; that she was begot behind the Scenes, and nurs'd up in the Theatre. However, a good Assurance being the Vertue of an Actress, as well as a Harlot, it is rather esteem'd such a useful Ornament to her other Graces, that it gives a tempting Gloss to those Theatrical Perfections, which seldom raise a Woman from the Stage to her Coach, without being prostituted: So that the same Qualifications that fit her for the Play-house, furnish her for the Bed-Chamber. For she that treads the Stage for her Support, or that surrenders her Charms into the Embraces of a Keeper, must first resolve to lay aside her Modesty, or else expect, that she will never please a sinful Audience, or a lustful Lover. When, to her great Satisfaction, she

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is thus step'd into that high Road of Destruction, by which Youth and Beauty, are often decoy'd to a farther scandalous Preferment." The honourable Libertines of the Age, who make the Theatre but a common Nursery for their Vices, begin to be as busy about young airy Madam, as a Parcel of red Flies round a Cow's Surreverence distill'd in *May*; tho' it's very likely, her loose Affections are already fix'd, and her Virginity thrown away upon some amorous young Rake of her own Quality, whose Singing, Dancing, or some other Stage-Performance, has made such a Conquest o'er her Heart, that she is at once divested of those Maiden Fears; which, as they commonly arise more from the Dread of Shame, than a Sense of Duty, are but a slender Guard to Female-Virtue, easily knock'd down when they are once attack'd, because the Ground they stand upon is so very slippery, that the least Assault of a Lover, trips up the Heels of their champion Resolutions; which, for Want of firm Footing upon a religious Education, leaves the Maid expos'd to the Danger of that Monster, Lust; who, for its Fury and Deformity, may be justly stil'd a Dragon; and such a one, that whoever subdues it in the Height of its Ferocity, deserves as well to be sainted,



as *George of Capadocia*. Thus, by that Time our young beautiful Wanton has been throughly initiated into the amorous Society of sworn Commedians, and has been just long enough conversant with the counterfeit Queens, and sham Hero's, to be an expert Jilt enough to impose a crack'd Virginity, for a whole One, on some old Leacher of Quality, my Lady is feelingly sollicitated by some insinuating Bawd, to become a carnal Warming-pan to some old gouty Courtier, who is so highly enamour'd with her youthful Perfections, that he cannot bridle his pamper'd Lust, without she will grant him a *Bit*, that may give a Check to his Concupiscence ; and knowing a comfortable Subsistence is the common Requital expected by a Woman for such obliging Service, a solemn Promise of her being well kept is made the engaging Lure to invite her to a Compliance, being divested by his Age, of all other Motives sufficient to induce a *Marmolet* Madam of so much Youth and Beauty, to become his Paramour ; rightly considering, that a Woman of any Merit, can scarce have the Vanity to think it an honourable Satisfaction, to prostitute her Charms to a dignify'd Lump of superannuated Imbecillity, either worn to a Skeleton by the Exercise of his Debauches,

or

or fatten'd up with Luxury and Laziness, 'till too unweildy and infirm to gratify his Lust, without the quickening Use of powerful Cordials, or provoking Philtres. However, the Ambition of wearing fine Apparel, and of shewing herself in *Hide-Park* in one of his Donship's old Coach-  
es, soon prevails with the giddy Wanton, to quit the Stage-Allowance, for a better Maintenance; which she enjoys for a Time, 'till teaz'd and tir'd with the fumbling Performances of her generous Keeper, she is at last detected by some Spy upon her Actions, in communicating her Favours to some more vigorous Gallant, and so turn'd off for her Inconstancy by old Age, Flannel, and Brandy, and forc'd to return to her Whores Nest, from whence she was first taken to the Bosom of Honour, and there shift on betwixt playing the Princess upon the Stage, and the Harlot in her Lodgings, 'till at last, Age, Uglinefs, and Distemper, frighten away her Admirers, and soon reduce her, when destitute of her Charms, to miserable Poverty; so that as she was born in a Cellar, she is compell'd by Necessity, to make her *Exit* in a Garret.

Familiar

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**W**HEN Beauty does adorn the Lass  
In poor dejected Station,  
'Tis seldom 'company'd with Grace,  
For want of Education.

Tho' Nature has been greatly kind,  
And all her Pow'r exerted,  
Yet, where there wants a vertuous Mind,  
Those Blessings are perverted.

The Son, by an ill Father bred,  
One copies from the other ;  
Nor will fair Looks preserve the Maid  
From proving like her Mother.

And he that's am'rously inclin'd  
T' ingross the fickle Creature,  
Will find no Love or Gold will bind  
The Baseness of her Nature.

She's mix'd with such a course Allay,  
That Art can ne'er refine her,  
And thinks 'tis witty to betray  
The Fool that glories in her :

For



*For who can be accounted wise,  
Tho' ne'er so rich and noble,  
That's drawn by such a Harlot's Eyes,  
To be a Keeping-Bubble?*

*If Men of Honour must be lewd,  
And will be Womens Cullies,  
Let 'em not mix their noble Blood  
With Scoundrels bred in Alleys;*

*But, with young City Dames, engage  
The Spawn of broken Mayors,  
And not corrupt the Royal Stage  
To th' Scandal of the Players.*

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*Miss*

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*Miss Buxom :*

O R,

*The Golden-lock'd Lady unmarried.*

**S**HE. is as wild as a Maiden Heifer in the Spring, who, for Want of a Bull, is always riding upon the Backs of her own Female Companions. Her Eyes strike Fire at the Sight of a young Gentleman, like a Carbuncle before the Death of those that wear it ; and the Warmth of her Inclinations is so visible in her Looks, that her Mother is forc'd to call her aside, and cool her Courage with a sharp Reprehension, for Fear she should gaze herself into such a Love-Extasy, that should betray the Fervency of her Desires, and Forwardness of her Youth, in the Sight of the Company, to the Shame of her Sex, and the Scandal of her Virginity. When out of the View of those who have the Power to controul her, she's as frolicksome as a young Kitten playing with a String ; will behave herself as wantonly as a Forrest Colt, that was never back'd nor handl'd, and will dance and straddle about the Parlour, and dispose her active

H                      Limbs

Limbs into so many Tomboy-Postures, as if she was endeavouring to lose her Maiden-head, without the Help of a Bridegroom, lolling and stretching upon the Couch, then wringing her flexible Joints into such various Distortions, as if she found a certain Titulation in the Variety of her Actions ; and all these wanton Airs, and indecent Activities, perform'd in the Sight of the Men Servants, as well as the Maids ; as if the amorous Hoyden had a Mind, by her loose Carriage, to excite the Family to that Levity, which the Care of others, against her own Will, had kept herself from exercising. Her Thoughts are always so intent upon the holy State of Matrimony, or at least, that Part of it which is most conducing in the Abstract to the Pleasure of her Fancy, that she is always best pleas'd with her Maid, when she is tickling her Ears with such enlivening Stories, that have a delightful Tendancy to nuptial Familiarity ; and has always an old Pair of Gloves, or a Cast-off Topnot, to encourage her to be mindful of repeating the like luscious Entertainments, upon all seasonable Occasions ; for nothing wins her more, than a Talk of those Enjoyments, which she wants only Opportunity to improve into Action. She is so great a Lover of the Play-house, that her



her Lady-Mother has much a-do to steal an Intrigue without her ; for if she has the least Suspicion, that the old One, by the Airiness of her Dress, and her new-furbish'd Countenance, has repair'd her fading Charms for the Royal Theatre, my Lady has as much Difficulty to shake off her Daughter, as a generous Cully has a forward Sharper, when he is going to give his Mistress a Tavern-Entertainment. For Miss, tho' hitherto she's a Stranger to the Pleasure of intriguing, yet she can ogle the Beaus, or hold up her Fan at a smutty Jest, with as much Satisfaction, and as quick an Apprehension, as her experienc'd Mother. Dancing she loves as dearly, as a young Monkey does climbing ; and would follow the scraping of a Fiddle, by her good Will, as far as the Dear did the Drone of a Bag-pipe out of the Forrest of *Sherwood* : For as innocent as she is, she thinks any Musick, that inclines both Sexes to hand each other, and shake their Buttocks together, deserves Female Approbation. Of all the Country-Dances in the Pack, she's the greatest Admirer of *Bobbing-Joan*, and *John come kiss me now, now, now* ; not for any great Variety she finds in the Figure, but for the Sake of the Tunes, because she thinks there is something more imported by the Prettyness of their Names,

according to her merry Conceits, than she can fancy in the rest: For, Bobbing and Kissing, are, in her Maiden Apprehension, such dear stir-about Words, that they inspire her Tail with more Maggots, than all the other Madrigals, that ever she had heard from an old fumbling Consort of dull stroling Fiddlers. He that gives her, as he turns her, a Tickle in the Palm, or squeezes her Hand the hardest, she always admires for the prettyest Gentleman in the Company, and receives every such wanton Dalliance, as a private Signal of his cordial Affection, which she would soon gratify, if he could but contrive to get her behind the Curtain. But her Lady-Mother knowing what a Strain she came on, takes Care to watch her Golden-Locks with as much Vigilance, as the *Hesperian* Dragon did the Golden-Apples; or else, whoever would venture to attack the Maid, might be sure of her Virginity; for the least Shake of so forward a Tree, when the Fruit is full ripe, will make it drop from the Branches. Every Time she has new Linnen bought her, she intreats her Maid to make the Gullets of her Shifts much wider than the former, and pleads it as a Privilege belonging to her Teens, that she ought not to be smock-bound. When she gets but an Hour free from the  
Super-

Super-Intendancy of her Mother, she is as mad as a Doe in Rutting-time; and if she steals but into the Pantry without Notice, is ready to ride upon the Back of the Butler, she is so loose and wanton; and if she steps by herself but into the Court-Yard, whilst her Maid is toying with the Foot-man, she wants nothing but a Man, a Horse, and a Pillion, to run away with her to the next Church, or rather than fail, a brisk Fellow on Foot, to hand her unseen to the next Hay-mow; for she is as plump as a Partridge in right Season; as hot and as amorous as a Pigeon in Seed-Time; as full and as juicy as a *China-Orange*; and wants nothing but to be press'd, that she may be eas'd of that itching Plenitude, which is a Burthen to her Youth. Tho' she is by Nature of a yellow Complexion, yet her Hair and her Eye-brows are made brown by Art; for they borrow a glossy Tincture from the black Lead Comb, that puts at best but a disagreeable Disguise upon her *Danish* Countenance; for her Freckles and her Eye-lashes are a sufficient Index to discover the Warmth of her amorous Constitution; besides, the Vehemency of her Desires, cast such visible Sparkles out of the Windows of her Soul, that it is not in the Power of her most dissembl'd Mo-



deſty, to conceal her Ardour. If ſhe ſtirs in hot Weather, the *Effluvia's* that evaporate from her Alabaſter Skin, have exactly the Fragrancy of *Low Vervain*, which our learned Botomiſts honour with the Name of *Herba Vulvaria*; however, that ſhe can qualify upon Occaſion with Lozenges, and Sweet-bags, as nice Quality do the Workings of their Phyſick, by a Cedar Cloſe-ſtool-Caſe. Under theſe Diſadvantages the poor young Lady is forc'd to wait for a Huſband, till ſhe either ſteals a lucky Opportunity of helping herſelf to ſome unequal Match, to her Parents Diſſatisfaction; or, that her Friends provide for her ſome flounder-mouth'd Blockhead, of equal Worth and Quality, that has nothing to recommend him to the Favour of a Woman, but his Acres and his Family; ſo that as their Fortunes are agreeable, their Imperfections are anſwerable; and he, by Nature, as well adapted to Cuckoldom, as ſhe is, by her inordinate Deſires, to be a laſcivious Betrayer of her conjugal Fidelity: Therefore, ſince they are likely to make ſo configure a Match, e'en let the Prieſt put 'em together with all Speed, and curſed be the Man that ever parts 'em.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**T**IS not ill Company alone  
That draws us into Evil,  
Some are to Vice by Nature prone,  
Untempted by the Devil.

Some Female Looks too plainly shew  
A whorish Inclination,  
Nor can they hide it from our View,  
By vertuous Education :

Their Eyes, the Index of the Mind,  
Will still disclose their Failing,  
And shew to all that are not blind,  
How Nature is prevailing.

The Phisnomist the Signs of Grace,  
In vertuous Look discovers  
The Gallows in a Villain's Face,  
And Leach'ry in a Lover's.

So does the sanguine Lass denote  
Her Lust by her Complexion,  
And that she's rank as Stable-Goat,  
And full of fond Affection.

From Stars, Astrologers aver  
 We draw our Inclinations,  
 And that all Women subject are  
 To sublunar Mutations.

If Stars have such a fatal Pow'r  
 On those, who are so naught here,  
 Then Venus is a greater Whore,  
 Than ever yet I thought her :

She's painted too with Golden-Hair  
 Disbrevil'd down her Boddice,  
 To shew most yellow Ladies are  
 As lustful as their Goddess.

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Modern

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*Modern Quality :*

O R,

*The Upstart Lady.*

**S** H E is the only and well-begotten Daughter of some rich crafty Citizen, who has cheated the World, pinch'd his own Guts, and pawn'd his Soul to the Devil, to make his skinny Offspring a fit Match for some declining Quality. No sooner is Miss call'd Home from her *Hackney-Boarding-School*, where, it is very likely, she has learn'd all the Paces, as well as Dances, proper for her Sex, but Proposals are made to some young Baronet, whose Writings of his Estate are got into the Clutches of a Money-Scrivener; the generous Terms offer'd to his Worship, being sufficent to induce him to accept of the Darling for his Lady-Bride. Sir *Thomas*, like a prudent Man, having little Regard to the Merits of the Damfel, but taking her plentiful Fortune, and the Narrowness of his own Circumstances, into his wife Consideration, and finding her Bags agreeable to his present Necessities, is resolv'd to lay aside the vain Remembrance

brance of his old mouldy Ancestors, and  
 to sell a titular Branch of his empty Ho-  
 nour to a Mechanick's Daughter, for a  
 Sum large enough to redeem his Estate,  
 pay his other Debts, retrieve his sinking  
 Credit, and make all Things easy ; so  
 that the Match is soon concluded, without  
 any Hesitation on either Side ; the Join-  
 ter settl'd, the Fortune paid, and up starts  
 my Lady, who now begins to look as  
 scornfully upon her old *Cheapside* Acquain-  
 tance, as a Vintner chosen Sheriff, does  
 upon his old Customers, who have been  
 a Means of raising the prodigal Ape to  
 that Golden Chain, of which he is so  
 proud. Her Parents are so highly osten-  
 tations of their new-ladify'd Daughter,  
 that they talk of nothing for a Twelve-  
 month after, but the nuptial Solemnity,  
 the innocent Deportment of my Lady-  
 Bride upon the Wedding-Night, and the  
 Expence and Sumptuousness of the Mar-  
 riage-Feast. No sooner is my Lady dragg'd  
 down in her new Chariot, by four Cart-  
 Mares, to his Worship's Country-Seat, but  
 she swells so fast with the Pride of her new  
 Title, that she has scarce Affability enough  
 left to behave herself handsomly, or to  
 give a courteous Reception to a Neigh-  
 bouring Visiter, tho' of equal Quality ;  
 And, if she be not Ladyshipp'd at every Word,  
 is

is apt to think herself affronted ; yet, she will sometimes be as familiar with the Knight's Vallet, as she us'd to be at Home with her Father's Apprentices, because she is apt to think him a handsomer Man, than his Worship. All the rest of his old Servants are soon shifted off, to gratify the haughty Temper of their new Lady : The Foot-men for not bowing low enough when she speaks to 'em ; the Coach-man for swearing at his Horses, and not driving to please her : The Maids for saying forsooth Madam, instead of Ladyship ; and the Country-Cook for spoiling roast Fowls with Butter and Vinegar Sauce : So that all the honest Rusticks, whose Care, Honesty, and Fidelity, ought to atone for their Ignorance, are sent packing, and a Set of new Town-bred Sycophants and Flatterers brought in by Degrees, to supply their Places, who will cringe, whisper, and backbite, to curry Favour with her Ladyship, and humour her to her Mind, in her Vanities and Vices, upon all Occasions. When Honey-moon is over, and his Worship begins to find more Satisfaction upon the Back of his Bay-Gelding in a Fox-Chase, than in the Embraces of his Bride, my Lady begins to pout at his early rising, and be very uneasy, that he should forget, in a Morning, to mount a-

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ny Thing but his Saddle ; conceiting, that now she is less regarded by her Bridegroom, than either his Hounds or his Horses. Besides, his drinking *March-Beer*, and smoaking Tobacco, makes his Mouth at Night smell as nauseous, as the Bowl of a fowl Pipe, and as sour, as the Bung-hole of an old Barrel ; so that she cannot turn to him, to remind him of his Duty, but she is ready to be poyson'd. These intollerable Grievances provoke her Ladyship beyond all Hypocrisy, and make her resolve to unbridle that true Womanish Temper, which she thought at first was but Prudence to dissemble. Now, to let her Husband see, that she is not descended of so tame a Breed, but that according to the accustomed Quality of her low-born Sex, she knows how to scold, she begins with her Maids, and so by Degrees goes round the whole Family, to breathe her Lungs, and exercise her Talent, against she attacks himself, that she may then exert her effeminate Qualification with the greater Vigour : It is not long e'er she assumes a Provocation, and takes a seasonable Opportunity to give him a Taste of her Termagancy, which she does publicly at the Table, to shew her City-Breeding before some of his principal Cronies, to whom her Ladyship has the greatest Aversion.

Aversion. This unexpected Alarm is such a strange Surprise to his Friends, and his Family, as well as to himself, that they are all startl'd at her ill Manners, as well as her Uneasiness, and his Companions ready to take Leave, as soon as Dinner's over, fearing their Company has been the Occasion of the Quarrel. The Husband being a Gentleman of a pacifick Temper, thinks it beneath his Quality to resent the Follies of a Woman, so puts up the Affront, judging rightly the Occasion of her over-warm Impatience, to arise from his Drinking too much, and Kissing her too little, so proposes to himself at Night a loving Reconciliation, by the seasonable Intercession of the Matrimonial Peace-maker; but instead of that, he meets with nothing under the Rose but Buttock and Pout, accompany'd with snarling Exasperations and Expressions of her Abhorrence to a Country-Life, with her Resolutions to go to Town, or that she shall never be easy in her Mind, or healthful in her Body. By such Sort of repeated Outrages, hypocritical Vapours, and dissembl'd Paroxysms; she at Length teazes him to a Compliance, and makes him knock off his good hospitable House-keeping, to take fine Lodgings in *Covent-Garden*, or *St. James's*, that she may shew her Airs in the Park, become acquainted  
with

with Quality, have the Diversion of the Play-house, revel at Balls and Masquerades, wear as rich Apparel as the Queen, have her fine Coach, and gay Liveries; and to crown the rest of her Satisfaction, invite some young flattering Beau-Courtier to dub her Husband a Knight of the forked Order; which is done, at last, so effectually, and by such Variety of Admirers, that his Worship's Estate, by the Means of her Extravagance, is soon reduc'd to a worse Condition than before he marry'd her; and my Lady and her Husband, by her repudious Practices, are made the common Table-Talk of every intriguing Beau, Court Paramour, and Play-house Courtizan: And this is so common a Fate that attends the Conduct of those upstart Ladies, who are suddenly advanc'd to Honour from a mean Parentage, when her new Ladyship has nothing either in Nature or Education, to enable her to support the Weight of her Title: So that her Eyes (tho' perhaps beautiful) are too weak to sustain the Lustre of a Court, without Surprise, and her Resolutions too feeble, to withstand the amorous Attacks of a young honourable Libertine.



Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**H**onour, the Just should only bear,  
Tho' Knaves and Harlots court it;  
And ought not to be plac'd, but where  
There's Merit to support it.

'Twas not design'd for Dames to wear,  
Bred to the Pot and Ladle;  
The Hog or Sow, tho' fat and fair,  
Will ill become a Saddle.

Honour should drop, when Vertue fails,  
And cease when we misuse it;  
Not be so fix'd to Ladies Tails,  
That do so oft abuse it.

Then might the Danger of Disgrace  
Make sinful Pleasures bated,  
And padlock up that slip'ry Place,  
Where Female Honour's seated.

Proud Ladies then might vertuous prove,  
To keep their lofty Titles,  
And not persue what now they love  
Much better than their Victuals.

But

*But what great Dame will want her Fill  
Of Pleasures that she prizes,  
When Ladies shall be honour'd still,  
In Spight of all their Vices ?*

*Since Fortunes are such Filts and Shrews,  
Whom Friends bestow much Cost on,  
And prove as bad, or worse, than those,  
Who have no Bags to boast on.*

*I'll praise the Dame with Vertue blest,  
Altho' her Fortune's little,  
Who wears her Honour in her Breast,  
And not in empty Title.*

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*The*

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*The Hospitable House-keeper :*

O R,

*The Bountiful Lady.*

SHE's the honourable Relect of a true *English* Nobleman, who derives her hospitable Temper, as well from the generous Example of her own Ancestors, as from the accustomary Bounty of her deceas'd Lord ; and is so heartily affected to the wholesome Situation of her ancient Country-Seat, as if Heaven design'd she should lie under no Temptation, that might induce her to prefer the vicious Life of a Court-Lady, to the venerable Character of a true *English* House-keeper, and a generous Benefactress to all her rural Neighbourhood. Her Pride is in nothing but her well-furnish'd Wine-Cellars, and her plentiful Tables ; and her vertuous Affections, next to her Devotion, are chiefly limited to her own Relations, her old-fashion'd Servants, and God's Favourites, the Poor, who never return Home from her charitable Gates, but with their Laps full of Victuals, and their Mouths full of Prayers for the good old Countess,

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and the rest of her Family. Her Humility is such, that she thinks it no Dishonour to her Quality, to spread a Plaister for a cut Thumb; and her Tenderness and Compassion, are so familiarly extended to her Servants, and her Neighbours, that she thinks it no Scorn to apply it herself to the meanest Person that has Need of her Assistance. She affects the ancient *Decorum*, that was us'd by her Forefathers, when Honesty dwelt at Court, and Religion in our Churches; and will always have her Dinners and Suppers usher'd into her Parlour, with as much Order and Solemnity, as if every Day was a Festival. She obliges her whole Family to their Christian Duty, as often as she eats, and keeps a reverend old Guide for her domestick Chaplain, who scorns to make Religion a Stalking-Horse to his Interest, to untile the Church, to cover a Den of Thieves, or to swear against his Conscience, for the Advantages of a Bishoprick; but is a faithful Shepherd, a true Pains-taking Guide, that will neither be idle himself, or suffer his Flock to do the Work of the Lord negligently. She has all Things limited to certain Times and Seasons, that her Servants, in their Business, are never surpriz'd; but every one, by an ancient and laudible Custom, is forewarn'd

of

of his Duty. All Things are carry'd on with so commendable a Regularity, that the Hour of the Day is as well known by the several Exercises of her Family, as it is by the Clock: Nor can any Accident obstruct the circular Motion of her domestick Affairs, (all Things are order'd with that Care and Exactness) except some extraordinary Impediment of God's sending. Her House is a Land of *Canaan* all the Year, that overfloweth with Milk and Honey, which is as free to the Refreshment of all civil Strangers, as to her own Family; for she glories as much in her true Christian Hospitality, as our modern Ladies in the Victories they gain by their triumphant Eyes, and celebrated Beauty. Tho' her external Charms, by Reason of her Age, perhaps, fall short of some of our Court-Upstarts, yet she wins the World with her Vertues, as the other do with their Vices, and obtains a more universal Veneration by her Generosity and Goodness, than the most admir'd Lady of the Times can procure to herself, with all her juvenile Perfections, and most obliging Favours, tho' familiarly communicated behind the Curtain, to the Hazard of that Honour of which she talks so much, and has so little. Not only her Person, but her Name, commands Respect, for her

good Actions, where ever it is mention'd ; and whenever she appears Abroad, she is honour'd as a Miracle of her weaker Sex, who, in our latter Ages of Corruption, have been so subject to Infirmities. Her Dress is grave and noble, becoming the Serenity of her Looks, and the Majesty of her Deportment : Her Dialect smooth and affable ; her Expressions wise and weighty, suitable to her Quality, and answerable to her Character : Her Mind enrich'd with all the Graces of Education, and the Vertues of Christianity : And her Countenance adorn'd with all the venerable Signs of true internal Piety, and undissembl'd Humility. Her Library consists of the profitable Fruits of the most religious Authors, fam'd as well for their Sincerity and Goodness, as for their Learning and their Labours, that she may never want sufficient Helps to pilot her Soul with Safety thro' the Storms and Tempests of this Life, to a calm Eternity. Her chief Diversions, are, her daily Searches into the Mysteries of Holiness ; and her sweetest Recreations, are, her repeated Exercises of unfeigned Devotion. In short, she is a Goddess upon Earth ; and her Tenants, her Servants, her Neighbours, and the Poor, are the Mortals that adore her above all Beings, next the Divine



vine Majesty. Now, let the World shew  
me so good a Woman, in so bad an Age ;  
and to her belongs the Character.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**M**<sup>r</sup> Lady's Honour, if she's lewd,  
Is but an airy Bubble ;  
'Tis Vertue, not her boasted Blood,  
That makes a Woman noble.

A wanton Harlot we have seen  
Advanc'd to be a Dutches ;  
And many a lustful Persian Queen  
Were subject to Debauches.

Therefore, since Lady-Punks, we find  
In ev'ry lofty Station ;  
None but the chaste and noble Mind,  
Deserves our Admiration.

For what vain Mortal would regard  
My Lady's boasted Honour,  
When fifty more, besides my L——,  
Her Woman swears, have known her ?

Tet Poets make such now-a-days,  
As chaste as bright Diana ;  
But I'd as soon bestow my Praise  
On lustful Messilana.

*Man may commend a Common-Shore,  
That every Scoundrel uses ;  
But still a Whore will be a Whore,  
In Spite of all the Muses.*

*Therefore, were I to shew my Skill,  
I'd praise my good old Countess ;  
And in the smootkeft Numbers, tell  
Her Vertues, and her Bounties.*

*The Graces of her noble Mind,  
Would be a Theme uncommon ;  
But who, among the Sex, can find  
So excellent a Woman ?*

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**The End of the first Part,**

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**THE**

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*Adam and Eve*

Stript of their

FURBELOWS.

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PART II.

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*The Modish Gentleman ;*

O R,

*The Climbing Courtier.*

**H**IS Person is a fine Structure ; in which, Nature, who was the Builder, has been very liberal of external Ornaments ; but his Furniture within, is of so odd a Mixture, that one Half seems to be deriv'd from the University, and the other from the Dancing-School : For tho' his Noddle is generally fill'd with such modern Scepticisms in Divinity, and such refin'd Criticisms upon the ancient

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Bards, that he is a greater Plague to a Priest or a Poet, than a prating Coxcomb to a sage Philosopher. Yet his Whalebone Back is of that cringing Flexibility, that his graceful Bows, and his mannerly Condescensions, recommend him to the World as an accomplish'd Gentleman. His greatest Conversation, in order to gain a generous Character, and a publick Reputation, is with the celebrated Wits of the Age; among whom he behaves himself with that wonderful Liberality, and conformable Levity, that he is soon cry'd up for a Man of admirable Temper, generous Acquirements, and polite Learning; tho' his Pocket, rather than his Parts, has been the principal Procurer of so large a Character: The better to support which, in the Opinion of the Ladies, many Paper-Monuments are poetically rais'd by his own riming Genius, to the everlasting Honour of their bewitching Beauty; in Hopes, that his Wit, as well as his Person, may be a Means of recommending him to a general Esteem among those amorous Quality of the fair Gender, who have it largely in their Power to answer his Ambition, as well as gratify his Love. For, whoever can win the affectionate Favours of a Court-Beauty, is always a near Neighbour to a good Employment.

ployment. The readiest Way of a young Gentleman's climbing into Court-Preferment, is, to make a Woman his Ladder ; but let him be careful, that he treads sure ; or if he quits his Hold, he may hazard his Neck ; for tho' his Ascension may be pleasant, he may find it slippery. When thus, by treating poor Wits, and flattering Great Ladies, he has acquir'd the Reputation of an ingenious, amorous, complaisant Gentleman, his next Business, is, to make himself a constant Visiter of all publick Places, as the *Bath, Tunbridge, New-Market, &c.* where the Ladies rendezvouz in Summer-time, for the Sake of those secret Recreations, which, they have the Vanity to think, they hide from the World, by their tiffany Pretences of drinking the Waters for Health's Sake ; which is so thin a Covering to their Vices and Amours, that every penetrating Eye may discern their Intrigues thro' the transparent Mantle ; for even their own Servants make the Wantonness of their Ladies, the Subject of their Laughter upon their Ale-house Benches. Having a jolly Countenance, and a promising Back, and being of comely Stature, and of curious Deportment, in a little Time he riggles himself into the Favour and Affection of some lascivious Countess, or Court Curtezan ;

tizan ; by the Help of whom, he soon inspects into the Labyrinth of Wickedness behind the Curtain ; and has a Clue given him, that enables him to enter into those Love *Arcana's*, which are the readiest Paths that lead obscurely to Riches, Honour, and Authority ; for more handsome Gentlemen, have stretch'd the Bounds of a narrow Fortune, by the Wars of *Venus*, than by Martial Enterprizes ; tho' I know the Sword is often advanc'd as the specious Pretence, when 'tis *Cupid's* Dart that has done the Business ; and if they had not been oftner in a Lady's Chamber, than the Field of Battel, they might have fought themselves into as many Scars, as an old *Bear-Garden* Gladiator, before they would have advanc'd themselves to the Dignity of a Colonel. No sooner is he become the Favourite of some *Succubus* of Quality, but something or other is begg'd for him worthy of his Acceptance ; and the greater Lady he has the Fortune to oblige, the surer Hopes he has of farther Advancement. Women are always ambitious of raising their Gallants to a Level with themselves ; for fresh Honours heap'd upon an old Friend, makes him newly welcome to his Mistress's Embraces. Grandeur always proves a noble Spur to a Woman's Lust ; for which Reason,  
the



the City-Wife, to the dubb'd Mechanick, never thinks she has a true Right to be call'd my Lady, 'till his crazy Worship has confirm'd her in the Title by his carnal Weapon: For whatever Honours are conferr'd by the *Fountain* upon a Man's Head, a Woman thinks can flow down to her no other way, than by Tail-Administration: Nor indeed is the Pleasure of such a Ceremony to be less valu'd, than the Windiness of the Title; since the readiest Way for a wealthy Citizen to be honourably distinguish'd from his cuckoldly Neighbours, is, to suffer a Court-Favourite to run lustily in his Debt; and then, if he be fond to gratify his Pride with a honorary Blast of Royal Breath, 'tis but evening his Scores, and crossing his Book; and his crafty Debtor, upon those Terms, will soon procure him a favourable Admittance into Royal Presence; where, after he has kneel'd down, like a Boy to his God-father, he shall have the Satisfaction of rising up Sir *Nicholas Numskull*: Which Cuckoldly Honour, once upon a Time, being graciously blown by King *Charles* the II. upon a certain wealthy Citizen, the dubb'd Alderman, very proud of his new Title, return'd Home to his Wife with great Joy, to acquaint her of his Knighthood, and that she was now a Lady;

dy : Who very wittily reply'd, *viz.* *Could his Majesty pick out no Body else in this large City, to make one of his Fools, but thee, my Dear ?*

When our fashionable Gentleman, or Climbing Courtier, has establish'd his Interest, and got sure Footing among the Court Ladies, he then begins to work himself into the Conversation of those Great Men, who are also able to give him a Lift, when Opportunity happens, that may farther gratify his climbing Ambition ; amongst whom, he has a large Scope to put in Use those unfinish'd Talents, by the Improvement of which, he expects to make himself a compleat Courtier. The Lord that sets himself up for the *Mecænas* of the Age, he flatters with his Poetry : The proud Man he humours with his sycophant Bows, and humble Cringes : The Scholastick Peer he studies to entertain with his Dissertations upon *Horace*, and with new Criticisms upon old Authors : The young Nobleman he tickles with scandalous Lampoons, and fresh Intrigues of the Ladies : And the old Leacher with bawdy Stories, Catalogues of new Faces, and luscious *Encomiums* upon the ravishing Beauty of some Upstart Curtezan. Thus he insinuates himself, by Degrees, into the Favour of Great Men, that he  
may

may have the Honour, at any Time, of dining with a Nobleman, and of boasting over a Bottle among the lesser Quality, what a considerable Interest he has at Court, which procures him abundance of Respect from all his Acquaintance. So that having the Favour of the Ladies, the Encouragement of the Noble, the Love of his Acquaintance ; and all these centering in the mighty Advantage of a publick Character, he rises gradually to be a Great Man ; and then, like a true Courtier, he proves ingrateful to his Friends ; slighting to his Acquaintance ; a Sycophant to his Prince ; and treacherous to his Country ; as if he study'd nothing but to make good the old Adage, *viz. That Greatness and Goodness are seldom concomitant* ; and how he farther behaves himself in Power and Authority, I shall let you see in the following Character.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

**N**E’ER think it strange, that Knaves  
*should rise,*  
 Whilst honest Men are laid by ;  
 There’s something that in private lies,  
 Which many a Man is made by.

Some



*Some climb aloft, to little born,  
But let it be no Wonder;  
Perhaps he has the Luck to turn  
Some pow'rful Lady under.*

*Stage-Harlots we have often seen  
Advanc'd to lofty Station,  
And coach'd in State, like Madam Gwin,  
To th' Scandal of the Nation.*

*Young cunning Filts, we daily see,  
Are kept in State by N——s,  
And make those Men of high Degree,  
Right honourable Bubbles.*

*Why therefore mayn't Sir Foplin rise  
By Flatt'ries and Indearments,  
And pass between a Lady's Thighs,  
To very great Preferments?*

*For Women that admire the Sport,  
Will have their Sparks to ease 'em;  
And will do any Kindness for't,  
To Fav'rites that can please 'em.*

*Ladies, who high and stately are,  
May talk of being vertuous;  
But Honour will not guard the Fair,  
From being kind and courteous.*

*Therefore, the fawning Beau-Gallant,  
That can with Flatt'ries tongue 'em,  
If he's but wise, need nothing want,  
That gets but in among 'em.*

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*The Corrupt Statesman :*

O R,

*The Compleat Courtier.*

**F**Arther Riches, greater Power, and higher Dignities, are the Beginning and the End of all his Actions. To arrive at these, he will dissemble with God, flatter his Prince, and betray his Country ; for his aspiring Hopes soar so dangerously high upon the Wings of Ambition, that he is proudly resolv'd to hazard his own Neck, to climb o'er the Heads of all other Competitors ; that he may keep his Rivals in Subjection, and make his Enemies his Foot-stool : To accomplish which, if a Nation be divided, he sets his Engines at Work to widen the Breach ; and is continually driving in fresh Wedges, that the useful Separation may be kept from closing ; as a knavish Surgeon supplies a Wound with fresh Tents, to hinder it from healing, that by keeping it open, he may prolong the Cure for his own Advantage. When, by cunning Artifices, he has warm'd all Parties into a Humour of Dissention, his next Business, is, to coin  
and

and spread Abroad such taking Distinctions, that the giddy Multitude (who are always too fond and forward to embrace new Follies to their own Ruin) may be proud to bear as Badges of their Zeal to their different Opinions in Matters of Religion, or Marks of their Love and Loyalty to their Prince and Country, according to what Designs their unchristian Godfather, that gave 'em their nick Names, intends to carry on, under the mischievous Divisions he is about to widen. And to these nominal Symbols, as Malignant and Puritan, Cavalier and Round-head, Whig and Tory, High-Church and Low-Church, &c. he assigns such certain Principles, both in Religion and Government, as may be most consentaneous to his wicked Purposes ; so that whoever takes up the Name, must maintain the Tenets affix'd thereto, tho' never so heterodox, dangerous, or diabolical, or else he is look'd upon as a timorous Brother, that dares not advance even the Devil's Trident, to fight the Lord's Battel. When, by the Help of false News-Papers, pernicious Pamphlets, fictitious Stories, and surprizing Whispers, he has thoroughly kindl'd up the Coals, and made the opposite Parties so jealous of each other, that they are both so inflam'd, as to be ready to spit Fire in one

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another's Faces, he be sure dissembles with the richest Side, as least dangerous, and most profitable; and so seemingly espouses their Interest at all publick Elections, and in his Parliamentary Speeches, that he soon procures, among the strongest Party, the ravishing Title of a glorious Patriot; and depending on their Numbers for his steady Security, he then sets himself up behind the Curtain, as the zealous Advocate of the aspiring Faction; who, under the Rose, apply to their Favourite Idol upon all Occasions, and so tumble their Money into his gaping Coffers upon every Application, that he is at last purchas'd to be their real Friend, tho' perhaps at first he meant no more, than to act the Part of a cunning Hypocrite: Yet still he gives such convincing Protestations of his Zeal and Fidelity to his flatter'd Prince, that credulous Majesty has scarce any Room left to doubt of his Sincerity; perswading his Sovereign to believe, that all these Bickerings and Divisions among his Subjects, may, at such a Juncture, by a little seasonable Management, be made highly useful to the Advantage of his Government; and if rightly temper'd with a due Proportion of agreeable Policy, may be so cultivated, as to advance the Regal Authority to a higher Pitch of Security,

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than

than it stands at that Time when the Advice is given; and accordingly prepares a Scheme to the same Purpose, which is privately communicated to the Royal Hand, and back'd with such strenuous Arguments, and subtile Delusions, as in a great Measure prevail upon the Prince, and draw him to a Compliance. Then, in Order to put his new Stratagem in Execution, great Removes are made at Court, and none admitted to peep into the *Arcana*, but such who our corrupt Statesman has most dexterously prepar'd to carry on the Intrigue; Persons so loose in their Principles, and so very mercenary, that they would sell their native Country to a Parcel of irreligious Blood-hounds, to fill their own Coffers, at the Folly and Expence of their weaker Fellow Subjects; and labour under the Umbrage of pretended Reformation, to reduce all beneath them into a Condition of Slavery, to raise themselves, and their Families, above the Reach of human Justice, and the Terror of the Laws. When he has thus settl'd all Things pursuant to his Scheme, then, according to *Jugurth's* Sarcastm upon *Rome*, in its Declension, viz. *All Things at Rome are to be had for Money*. So that the Party which is richest, is sure to be uppermost; and a Golden Infidel is certain to have more Justice,

stice, upon all Occasions, than the most righteous Christian. The money'd Side, like wild Horses, shall have the Liberty of running at Random, without the easiest Bridle to restrain their Fury, whilst those surreptitiously divested both of Riches and Authority, shall be severely rid, and punish'd with a Curb; and if they offer to complain of their hard Usage, shall be whipp'd and spurr'd, loaded and oppress'd with such intollerable Burthens, that shall inevitably sink 'em into a State of Misery. Thus, when an evil Minister has the Ear and Favour of a misled Prince, the Majority of a Nation are sure to be harrass'd, 'till the Mercy of Omnipotence delivers such a Prince, and such a People, from the mercenary Hands of such State-Jockeys; who may be sure, whenever they let fly the Reins of Government, and chance to be dismounted from the powerful Saddle, that the same *Bucephalus* they undertook to govern, will trample them to Death, without the least Compassion, to the Satisfaction of their Prince, and the Joy of the People: For whoever is villanous in his Rise, must, in his Fall, be miserable.



Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**A**mbition is a noble Spur,  
And the sublimest Passion ;  
It makes the Hero fly to War,  
In Hopes to raise his Station.

Tb' aspiring Soul no Rest can find,  
Ambition rides upon her ;  
And still provokes the gen'rous Mind  
To soar in Search of Honour.

But Knaves, who by ignoble Ways  
Shall hunt the Game that's noble,  
And grow most infamously base,  
To give their Country Trouble ;

Are spurr'd by Avarice, Pride, Revenge,  
Such diabolick Passions,  
To ruin Kingdoms, and unhinge  
The Government of Nations.

Such trait'rous Sycophants profane  
True Honour and Ambition,  
In trampling over worthy'r Men,  
To mend their own Condition.

( 133 )

*For he who does true Honour seek,  
Is careful to maintain it,  
And cannot do a shameful Trick,  
Or cruel Deed, to gain it.*

*The Fool that does, must lose his End,  
And be but Honour's Bubble ;  
For how can what's ignoble tend,  
To make a Knave more noble ?*

*Climb as you can, but Spite of Pride,  
Be just in e'ery Station ;  
For none but Villains e'er comply'd  
To sell their King or Nation,*

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The

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*The Trimming Guide :*

O R,

*The Avaritious Priest.*

**H**E is a grave Gentleman, who wears his Religion in his Robes, his Vertue in his Looks, and his Conscience in his Pocket : For were it not for his Gown, the World would scarce be able to determine, by his Practices, whether he was a Christian, or an Infidel. The chief Article of his Faith, is, That the good Things of this Life, are very comfortable Blessings ; and that he may as lawfully prevaricate, as a Lay-man to partake thereof. Therefore, tho' his Countenance cheats a whole Parish at once, with its outward and visible Signs of an inward and spiritual Grace, yet he is no sooner out of his Pulpit, but he will be easily tempted, with a less Bribe than a Bishoprick, to dissent from that very Doctrine, which, before the powerful Temptation was thrown into his Way, he could always find Scripture enough to verify. But now the Tide is turn'd, and his mercenary Conscience is pick'd even out of its last Sanctuary,

the



the Pocket, to make Room for *Mammon*; which his Holiness has the Grace to esteem of more Value, than all the ten Commandments: So prevailing a Bait is that intoxicating Metal, that neither the Precepts of Religion, the Reverend Gown, the Title of Doctor, and a good fat Benefice to boot, are sufficient to restrain an avaritious Man from the farther Search after unnecessary Riches; or withhold him from complying with such mischievous Innovations, as perhaps may be the Down-fal of the Church, and the utter Ruin of Religion; nay, if the Devil does but meet him at the Church-door, and tempt the miserly Apostle with a round Sum, or a better Living, let the subtil Fiend but appoint him his Text, and give him his Doctrine, and the covetous Apostate will not fail to deliver the same to the whole Parish: For if *Satan* does but hold up a Bag of Money in his Hand, the avaritious Miser, whether Priest or Lay-man, has no Power to look low enough to behold his cloven Feet. The Sense of his Duty is too weak to dissuade him from the alluring Gogaw; 'till by gazing at the Bait, he steps into the Reach of the old Serpent, as a Squirrel, in admiring the Eyes of a Rattle-Snake, is deluded by their Lustre, to tumble into his Mouth. He is

so given to change upon all profitable Occasions, that an honest Man would be apt to guess, that he steer'd his Course not by the Doctrine of the Church, but the Weather-Cock of the Steeple: And if he has the Gift of Scribbling, he is not only content to dishonour his Function, injure the Church, and damn himself, for the luscious Profits of an exuberate Benefice, but he must cultivate his Apostacy with specious Arguments, and fallacious Reasonings, in order to delude others into the same Errors, that a more general Conformity to his new-temporizing Principles, may the better palliate or excuse his own Recursion from the true Orthodox Fundaments of that Church, which he is bound, by his Ordination, to honestly defend, and always persevere in. But instead of giving his misguided Flock so excellent an Example, he only teaches the misjudging World, by his own Prevarications, to untile the Sanctuary in a high Wind; to mend the Tops of their own Houses; and instructs them, by his Practices, to sacrifice the most holy Things to their abominable Interests. His avaritious Temper makes him so highly flatter his own Merits, that he cannot easily content himself without a Bishoprick; and is heartily resolv'd, that no Court-

Re-

Revolution, or factious Imposition upon  
 the Church, if but under the Title of Re-  
 formation, shall be any Choak-pear in his  
 Way ; for he is ready, at all Times, to  
 shake Presbyter *Jack* by the Right Hand,  
 or to extend his Conscience even to the  
 utmost Point of Transubstantiation ; nay,  
 to comply with any Hellish Innovation,  
 that the Devil, or his Agents, shall in-  
 troduce into the Church, provided he can  
 but be sure to sanctify his Infamy with a  
 Cope and Miter ; for Interest alone is the  
 grand Idol to whom he bends his Heart,  
 and bows his Knee ; and powerful *Mam-*  
*mon*, the Terrestial Deity, to whom he  
 pays his most cordial Oblations, and his  
 devoutest Homage. Should *Julian*, the  
 Apostate, be his temporal Prince, and the  
*Turks Musti*, be his Archbishop, they  
 could propose no Alteration in either Church  
 or Government, but he would set his  
 Hand to it, rather than quit the comfor-  
 table Investiture of an Episcopal Dignity ;  
 not that he values it so much for the Ho-  
 nour, as he does for the Income : For as  
 for that Part of the Office that he finds  
 unprofitable, he would not care Three-  
 pence, if it was given to his Chaplains.  
 However, if he has neither Wit nor Learn-  
 ing enough to climb so high into Ecclesi-  
 astical Authority, if any Body could af-  
 fure



sure him of a *Salter's-Hall* Congregation, he is a tender-conscienc'd Shepherd, of that wonderful Moderation, that he would soon preach a Farewel-Sermon to his Country Flock; turn his Gown and Cassock into a Puritan's Cloak; take an Oath of Abjuration against the adulterous Smock of the Whore of *Babylon*, and her Popish Porridge; and fall down-right to extempore Prayer, and preaching Nonsense without Book, rather than let slip so lucky an Opportunity: For as long as he has bound himself for Life to the Service of the Altar, he thinks it is but reasonable, that he should offer his lame Assistance to those Christian People, that will give him the best Wages. For as one God made us all, he conceives it no Ways inconsistent with the Duty of a Guide, to make his own Choice of his Congregation. He is an excellent Artift at the speedy Solution of all Cases of Conscience, for he weighs not the doubtful Point by the Ballance of Reason, but by that of Interest, prejudging all the Scruples of a tender Mind, that struggle in Rebellion with the sovereign Advantages of this Life, to be whimsical Traytors to human Happiness; and therefore ought, without any more ado, to be condemn'd and executed. He would be a rare Comforter

forter to a rich Man, that should ask him  
 the readiest Way to Eternal Life; he would  
 not presume, like our holy Redeemer, to  
 advise him to give all to the Poor, and  
 follow Christ, but by his own niggardly  
 Example, rather teach him to keep his All  
 from them; and perswade him to believe,  
 that Riches and Authority were the surest  
 Paths to Heaven. The greatest Sin that  
 he thinks his Parishioners can be guilty  
 of, is, robbing the Church of her Dues; ;  
 and is so merciful a Shepherd to his poor  
 Flock, and so good a Christian, that he  
 would sooner undertake to absolve 'em of  
 the damnable Sin against the holy Ghost,  
 than he would forgive the profligate Wretch  
 that should circumvent him of his Tythes :  
 For if the *Anathema* of the Church, or  
 the Laws of the Land, are sufficient to  
 punish him, he will be sure to bring him  
 under both Curses; for he will have his  
 Revenge, tho' it causes him to melt a few  
 of his *Indian* Idols amongst the Lawyers,  
 to whom he is much readier to part with  
 his Money, than either to God's Pension-  
 ners, the Poor, or to his own Children.  
 Tho' he is crept into the Sanctuary by a  
 Side-Wind, and flourishes in the Pulpit,  
 he is a *Latitudenarian* in his Principles,  
 and desires to be thought such a fashiona-  
 ble Moderator, as to equally extend his  
 Charity

Charity to all the Branches and Professors  
of the Christian Religion, even from the  
Pope of *Rome*, down to the preaching Cob-  
ler at *Wapping New-Stairs* : And therefore  
you that have a Mind to pin your Faith  
upon the good Man's Sleeve, may seek  
him 'till you find him,

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**W**HEN *Avarice*, that evil Root,  
I th' Heart of Man is planted,  
No Riches will content the Brute,  
For more will still be wanted.

But when 'tis rooted in a Priest,  
'Tis worse than in a Lay-man ;  
He'll turn for Int'rest East or West,  
And never be the same Man.

Who would on such a Guide depend,  
For Heavenly Instruction,  
Who, to obtain his wealthy End,  
Would side with any Faction ?

Expose his holy Mother, which  
He should defend from Evil ;  
And would, no Doubt, to grow more rich,  
Turn Vicar to the Devil ?

Well



*Well may the Flock their Bounds mistake,  
When Shepherds that command 'em,  
For Int'rest Sake the Fences break,  
To let 'em run at Random.*

*If the poor Sheep must punish'd be,  
For straying God knows whither,  
The Pastor cannot sure go free,  
That drives or leads 'em thither.*

*He that presumes to be a Guide,  
Ought well to know his Duty,  
And, if he sees you step aside,  
To instruct ye, and confute ye.*

*But Guides, that from Religion rove,  
And on its Precepts trample,  
Deserve some Judgment from above,  
To make them an Example.*

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*The*

*The Beau-Officer :*

O R,

*The Coward in Commission.*

**T**HO' his Friends, and his Money, have purchas'd him a Commission, and a Soldier's Livery ; yet he is so great a Lover of Peace, in his own Nature, that he thinks one Chamber-Conquest over a beautiful young Lady, worth two Field-Victories ; and therefore hates the Thoughts of losing an Eye in the Battel, lest the fatal Disfigurement of his handsome Face, should render him a rough-hewn Scare-crow to the fair Gender. Nor was it the modest Assurance he entertain'd of his own Fortitude, that spurr'd him to the Choice of a warlike Station ; but having heard, that the Ladies are as great Admirers of heroick Scarlet, as the feather'd Songsters are of the Spring's Verdency ; and that every *Venus* is willing to put her Beauty under the Protection of a *Mars*. He was only covetous of creeping into the Lobster's Shell, as the Fox does into the Badger's Hole, to secure himself the better in the Favour of the kind Sex, from whom he is  
fearful

fearful of no Challenge, but what he dares to answer. Whilst 'tis his good Fortune to remain on this Side of Danger, in his own native Country, he loses no Time in diversifying his Amours among all those Ladies, who give him the least Countenance, 'till, by Degrees, he multiplies his Mistresses to the Number of *Solomon's* Concubines, or the *Turk's* Seraglio; and, perhaps, scarce one Curtizan among them all, but what has been exercis'd by more Lovers, than our noble Captain ever had Soldiers under his Discipline. Tho' he has no Estate, he has always the Ambition to live beyond his Pay, which he lengthens out, by diving into the Cabinets of kept Mistresses, over whom he makes it his Business to have a peculiar Ascendancy; and so by borrowing of Guineas, which he never pays, and nimming of Rings in Jest, which he sells in Earnest, he makes a decent Shift to swagger, and look big, above much braver Gentlemen in the same Post, who scorn to be guilty of such dishonourable Actions. When the Trumpet sounds, and he is forc'd to leave his Down-Beds, and soft Mistresses, sore against his Will, for long tiresome Marches, course Provisions, and a Campaign-Lodging; being very unwilling to publish his Cowardise to a whole Nation, he puts the  
best



best Countenance he can upon the terrible Alarm ; and after many Struggles in his effeminate Breast, between Fear and Honour, he makes a hard Shift, by the Help of good Claret, to fortify his Mind with a Resolution strong enough, as he fancies, to behave himself manfully, and to look Death in the Face ; tho' every Time he thinks soberly of the ugly Raw-head and Bloody-bones, it makes him ready to tremble. At last, according to Order, he takes Shipping, with his Men ; and tho' he bully'd them before, as if they were a Parcel of Hedge-Scoundrels, bred up to nothing but stealing Poultry, and robbing Hen-Roosts, now he behaves himself to the poor Rogues in Red, with that Familiarity and Tendernefs, as if he valu'd them as the only Bulwark that could keep him Shot-free. No sooner is he out at Sea, where the angry Waves, with their foaming Heads, seem to threaten Destruction, but his Appetite to good salt Beef and hard Bisket, is quite lost. He is so terribly frightened with the Dangers that surround him, that he is almost afraid to peep over-board, lest some monstrous *Leviathan* should arise up by the Ship-side, and snap his Head from his Shoulders. If a Storm happens to surprize him, it is ten to one, but, to the Damage of his Britches,

Britches, he falls unhappily into a violent  
 Loofness; which, tho' the Effect of Fear,  
 he excuses by being Sea-sick, tho' his Di-  
 stemper, in Reality, is no more than the  
 Heart-Ach. When he has happily sur-  
 viv'd the imminent Dangers of the Seas,  
 and is safely landed upon *Terra firma*, for  
 a few Hours he seems a little comforted:  
 But as soon as the Thoughts of Sword,  
 Ball, and Gun-powder, and the melan-  
 choly Apprehension of Blood and Wounds,  
 begin to terrify his Brains, he marches  
 his Company with as much Leisure to the  
 Camp, as a fearful Convict walks up Hill  
 to a Country-Gallows; and grows so won-  
 derful sick upon the near Prospect of a  
 sharp Engagement, that he is forc'd to be  
 carry'd from his Tent, to some neigh-  
 bouring Village, and there puzzle the  
 Doctor with some dissembled Paroxysm, till  
 the Action is over; which comfortable  
 News revives his Heart, beyond the best  
 of Cordials. So that he recovers Time  
 enough to get a Furlow to embark for *Eng-  
 land*, as soon as the Campaign is over;  
 and by giving the Doctor a very generous  
 Gratuity, has his dangerous Sickness con-  
 firm'd to the Colonel, in Excuse of his  
 Cowardise: Yet when return'd Home,  
 has the Impudence to bluster like as brave  
 a Hero as the best of them, and having

industriously gather'd a good Account of the Battel, in every Coffee-House where he comes, is of twice the Service of a Newspaper, to the listening Mechanicks, whilst they are sipping off their Ninny-Broth. And this is all the Advantage his Country receives from the martial Service of such a finickin Beau, who is much more fit to act the Part of a Peacock, and spread his Plumes in the calm Sun-shine, than to endure the Fatigues of a severe Campaign, or manfully sustain the sanguinary Terrors of a threatening Battel. Therefore I would advise him, like a Friend, to lay down the Sword for the future, and apply himself wholly to the Petty-coat ; for he is better qualify'd to pleasure a Lady, instead of her Lap-Dog, than to look an Enemy in the Face, and to make his regular Approaches towards the fatal Mouth of a loaded Cannon.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**T***Rue Fortitude in Poor or Rich,  
Is such a graceful Talent,  
That ev'ry Coward has an Itch  
To be accounted valiant.*

*Some*



*Some cheat the World with Soldiers Cloths,  
And strut in Red, like Heroes,  
When they've scarce Courage to oppose  
An Army of Cock-Sparrows.*

*Others in Publick fight Sham-Duels,  
On Purpose to be parted,  
And bully poor submissive Fools,  
They know to be faint-hearted.*

*Or else in Play-house, at a Night,  
Contend about their Doxies,  
And draw their hurtless Blades, to fright  
The Ladies in the Boxes :*

*Who squeak, that Men with brandish'd Swords  
Should prove so rash and silly,  
When they themselves, with fewer Words,  
Would stand a Thrust more freely.*

*Thus Dastards many Ways contrive  
To seem robust and froward,  
And oft, against their Nature, strive  
To shun the Name of Coward.*

*Yet ev'ry Man, we plainly see,  
Is fearful of his Brother ;  
Or why should one desire to be  
Thought braver than another ?*

*Therefore, since Courage is a Name,  
That most Men do delight in,  
The Scarlet Beau we must condemn,  
That is avers'd to fighting.*

---

*The Ambitious Mercenary :*

O R,

*The Climbing Lawyer,*

**I**S a voracious Monster, who, like the *Sea-Leviathan*, increases his Magnitude, by devouring the lesser Fry of his own Fellow-Creatures ; yet he is so tame a Wolf, notwithstanding his Cruelty, that he suffers himself to be link'd with a golden Chain to any prevailing Faction ; at whose Command he lies always ready (like a fiery Bull-Dog at the Feet of his *Bear-Garden* Master ) to worry any Opponent, that shall dare to interpose the least Stumbling-block in the wicked Paths of his espous'd Party. His Brains are so Worm-eaten by the crawling Desires of Riches and Authority, and his Conscience so canker'd with the Rust of Interest, that rather than lose a profitable Post, and be disappointed of his Ends, he would even face about against a lawful Government, and act the Part of a Solicitor *Cook*, to the Subversion of the State, and the blackening of his Sovereign. By a close Application to that Labyrinth, the  
Law,

Law, he has made himself a Master of all those little Turnings and Windings in that intricate Maze, by which some Men are led out of the World, and others out of their Estates; and the more Mischief he is able to do, the higher Value himself, as well as his Party, puts upon his own Merits. His Eloquence consists in tedious Harangues, frothy Circumlocutions, and impertinent Sarcasms; which being gloss'd over with uncontrollable Confidence, and invincible Audacity, are suffer'd often to prevail against right Reason, sound Judgment, Modesty, and good Manners. He is a busy Gentleman of a double Capacity, who always goes guarded and loaded, like a Bee in *May*; for he has Honey for his Clients, and a Sting for his Adversaries. His Tongue is like the double Nossel of a Party-Pump, which he can turn both Ways, either *pro* or *con*; tho' he has always so great a Regard to his own Interest, as to supply that Side with the greatest Constancy, who apply to him the ofteneft, and never attempt to touch the Handle of the Pump, but with a gilded Palm. That which chiefly recommends him to the Favour and Esteem of an aspiring Faction, are the Proofs and Testimonies he has given, from Time to Time, of the Pride of his Heart, the Vio-



lence of his Tongue, and his Affection to Interest; knowing that such a Bramble, which abounds the most with Thorns and Prickles, is the fittest Snare to entangle the Sheep; and to tear the Fleece off the profitable Backs of that innocent Flock they have a Mind to persecute, that they may cover themselves with the same Wooll, and disguise their own Ferocity under the Sheeps Cloathing. The Man that knows him, and hears him exercise his Lungs before the great *Divan*, may easily guess at his Fee, by his Intonation, or his Modesty; for, like the Flyer of a Cook's Jack, his Tongue always moves faster or slower, according to the Weight of the Gold you are pleas'd to add to him. One Ounce *Troy* of the best Metal, will make him rattle like a Throwster's Mill: But he that would have his Cause patiently defended, must give him but a Guinea; for he is such a Retailer of his Eloquence, that he seems to measure it out at so much a Sentence, as a Linnen-Draper does his Fustian at so much a Yard; and is wisely resolv'd never to hazard talking himself into a Consumption, lest he be largely pay'd for it. He is always so intent upon the Severity of Justice, that he never cares to give the least Room for Christian Mercy; and is so great a Stran-  
ger

ger to Compassion, that his Practices have assur'd the World, he has held an Aversion to the same Vertue ever since he pass'd his Mootings ; for he is deaf to every Thing that brings not Money along with it ; nay, loves in others to find Rigour and ill Nature, well knowing that the most spiteful Persons, if they have but Riches, always prove the most profitable Clients. Of all Professions, he thinks his own the most honourable ; and has so little Regard to the more venerable Robe, that he thinks the Interpreters of the Law are more useful Guides, as Times go, than the Preachers of the Gospel ; and that the Bible of late Days has done more Good in *Westminster-Hall*, than it has in *Westminster-Abby*. He has an extraordinary Knack of worrying a Cause, baiting a Witness, and blackening an Adversary, that unfortunately slips into his merciless Clutches ; for if he can but catch him at a Why not, his Tongue is always tipp'd with such unmannerly Aggravations, that instead of modestly improving the Advantage that is given him, he cannot forbear belching thro' his Teeth such a Parcel of scandalous Invectives, more odious to the Ears of a charitable Man, than a Foot-man's Fizzle to a Lady's Nostrils ; and all to gratify the inveterate Malice of

some contentious Faction, who never make Choice of any other for their Agents, but such that can trample upon Conscience, abandon Morality, and dispense with the Rules and Precepts of Christianity, to oppress and ruin those who have too much Honesty, and too little Avarice, to strike in with their Measures, and commit great Evils, for the Sake of small Wages. His Ambition is so great, and the Opinion of his own Merits so extremely partial, that he cannot content himself in a middle Station, but is ready to stride over the Heads of his elder Brethren, to climb into the upper Classis, which, God be thank'd, is kept out of his Reach, and I hope will be, 'till ill Nature and worse Language shall be sufficient to recommend him to that lofty Pitch; which tho' his Hopes are groundless, yet his Pride aspires to, notwithstanding he never could meet with the least Encouragement under so gracious a Government.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

**T**HE Law's a Labyrinth, that tries  
 The Patience of the Student,  
 Who knows it must be reckon'd wise,  
 Who shuns it, full as prudent.



*It is so deep, so wide, so vast,  
 So powerful and commanding,  
 That, like God's Grace, 'tis almost past  
 All human Understanding.*

*Of subtle Snares and Traps, 'tis full,  
 To catch unwary Fools in ;  
 And has more cunning Paths, than all  
 The Kingdom that it rules in.*

*It makes the surly Clowns and Swains  
 Pay Homage to their Betters ;  
 And binds the Rich with little Chains,  
 But loads the Poor with Fetters.*

*It does the money'd Miser Right  
 Against his helpless Neighbour ;  
 It gratifies the Great Man's Spite,  
 And makes the Needy labour.*

*It measures out the Bounds of Kings,  
 And keeps the Subject humble ;  
 Who otherwise, at little Things,  
 Would be too apt to grumble.*

*The Law it self is truly good ;  
 Men would without be Devils ;  
 But when not practis'd as it should,  
 It proves the worst of Evils.*

*Therefore, the Man, who, for a Fee  
 Or Bribe, shall misapply it,  
 In common Justice ought to be  
 Severely punish'd by it.*

---

*The Prodigal Upstart :*  
 O R,  
*The Citizen turn'd Gentleman.*

**H**E was bred a Mechanick ; but pursuant to the old Proverb, *viz. That Fools have Fortune*, he has accidentally jump'd from behind the Compter, into the ill-got Estate of some old miserly Uncle, who has sent himself to the Devil by out-witting young Heirs, cozening Widows, and defrauding Orphans, to leave the evil Fruits of his wicked Labours to the unpolish'd Off-spring of some illiterate Brother, who, by the Dint of Rural Agriculture, together with the Advantage of a kind Landlord, and a profitable Farm, made Shift to send the Darling of the Family up to Town, to be bound an Apprentice to some topping Trades-man ; where behaving himself like a good, as well as a great Boy, and shewing all the Signs of a niggardly Temper, as well as the early Appearances of a promising Industry, he curries such wonderful Favour with Alderman Doodle, his curmudgeonly Uncle, that he never came near the Shop, but he most bountifully bestow'd

stow'd a Penny or Two-pence upon his  
 hopeful Kinsman, and a great deal of good  
 Advice into the Bargain, back'd with a-  
 bundance of large Promises, in Case he  
 prov'd but a careful Servant to his Ma-  
 ster, and a good Husband for himself;  
 which the crop-ear'd Stripling so atten-  
 tively receiv'd, that he daily increas'd in  
 the old Mammonist's Affection, who, in a  
 little Time after his young Favourite-Ne-  
 phew had shifted off the Yoak of his sep-  
 tennial Servitude, happen'd to step over  
 the Groundsel of Life's Back-door, leaving  
 all that he had scrap'd together over the  
 Devil's Back, to his joyful Kinsman; who  
 now disdaining all the groveling Thoughts  
 of Trade and Shop-keeping, is resolv'd to  
 set himself up for a compleat Gentleman;  
 believing, since Fortune had bless'd him  
 with a plentiful Estate, that he could  
 want nothing else but Whores, Hounds,  
 and Horses, to truly qualify him as a  
 fashionable Armiger, and a generous Be-  
 nefactor to the Common-weal: Which  
 chargeable Conveniences being careful to  
 procure with all possible Speed, he shifts  
 off the home-spun Deportment of a City  
 Plumb-picker, and takes upon him the  
 Character of a *Middlesex* Gentleman; and  
 because he would appear to be as good  
 Flesh and Blood as other Hogs-Puddings,  
 a He-



a Herald is consulted about his Arms, who, to humour the Pride of the young Upstart, derives his Genealogy from the Dumbletons of *Cumberland*, and sends him packing with three Wood-Cocks for a Coat, and an Owl for his Crest ; and away goes Beau *Shallow-Wit*, as well satisfy'd with the Antiquity of his Family, as if he had been first Cousin to Duke *Humphrey*. Hunting he looks upon to be so noble a Sport, that tho' he has a Pack of Dogs of his own, at Board-Wages among his Tenants ; yet he would not be tempted, for half the Universe, to live out of the Cry of my Lord Mayor's Hounds, because he had the Honour to be bred amongst them, meaning in that City to which the Curs are useful Servants, as well as himself a Member. Therefore he cares not to reside above four Miles from *London*, lest he should lose the Benefit of their charming Musick, and the delightful Conversation of old Tun-belly'd R——s, of whose Riding and Drinking his Worship has more Stories, than ever were told of *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, by a super-annuated Sportsman. He is such a Beau on Horse-back, that he may be easily distinguish'd in the Field from the rest of his Companions, by the Blackness of his Boots, the Brightness of his Spurs, the Cleanness of his Gloves,  
and

and the Whiteness of his Bridle: For he always looks as spruce, when he mounts his Hunter for the Chase, as a finicking Bridegroom nicely dress'd up for the Marriage-Ceremony. And were you to see him set forth out of his own Stable-Yard in all his neat Formalities, with a new Piece of Whip-cord at the End of his Whip, and a white Ribbon to the Handle, you would think he was going to vie Cleanliness with Sir *Courtly Nice*; and that even his Horse, by the Smoothness of his Coat, lay in *Holland* Sheets, as well as his Master. Notwithstanding the Finery of himself, and his Gallopper, a Man would imagine, by his Talk, he was so keen a Sports-man, that nothing could outride him; yet he would no more take a Gate, for Fear of breaking his Neck, or a Hedge to endanger the scratching of his Boots, or the ruffling his Periwig, than he would venture to draw a Sword in Defence of himself, or in the Service of his Country. When he comes into Company, the Qualities of his Horse, the Truth of his Watch, the Lustre of his Diamond-Ring, the Goodness of his Periwig, and the Excellence of its Maker, are the chief Topicks of his effeminate Impertinence: And if any Body wants to know the Prizes of any Thing that he carries about him, if they will

will but have Patience, he will certainly tell them without Enquiry. But should a Person presume to ask him the Price of Groceries, notwithstanding he was bred to it, he would take it as the highest Indignity that could be put upon a Gentleman: For nothing vexes the young Upstart more, than to remind his Worship of his seven Years Apprenticeship. Should a Letter be brought him, without the Title of Esquire upon the Superscription, he would sooner forgive a Friend that should rival him in a Mistress, than so gross an Affront in such an unmannerly Acquaintance. The chief of his Conversation, are Sports-men, Jockeys, and unletter'd Rakes, like himself, who delight in nothing but Hunting, Drinking, and Whoring, and never talk of any Thing, but what's as shameful as their Actions. He is frighted from Matrimony, by the Prostitutes that cully him, and the Lewdness of his Companions, who are always railing against the Female Sex, as Misers do against the Knaveries of their Lawyers; tho' the former can no more live without the one, than the latter without the other. As he was bred a Mechanick, tho' his Fortune is large, the Narrowness of his Education makes him averse to the Society of all well-bred Gentlemen: For the Discipline



pline of the Paring-Shovel, sticks so close to his Ribs, that he has no true Taste of any Satisfaction or Enjoyment, that soars above the Level of a bawdy Story, or intoxicating Bumpers. Gaming, for want of understanding it, he has no great Itch to ; but is as lavish of his Money at a *Hackney* Horse-Race, as a kept Harlot is of her sinful Earnings at *Basset* or *Omber*. Nor has he any other Arguments to back his idle Discourses, or his ridiculous Assertions, but his blustering Offers of extravagant Wagers ; which if any will answer, he dares not lay, because assur'd of losing. For, like a talkative Traveller, he commonly reports what he knows to be false ; and, to strengthen the Matter, will frequently propose what he means not to stand by. Thus he hurries on his Life like an unthinking Libertine, spending that like a Fool, which was got like a Knave ; 'till his Extravagance consumes his Riches, before he has spent his Days ; or his Vices end his Days, ere he has ruin'd his Estate.

Familiar

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**C**ould the rich Miser but foresee  
How all b' as basely gotten,  
By his proud Heir will lavish'd be;  
When he is dead and rotten;

Sure he would never be that Fool,  
To toil away his Vigour,  
Or cheat the World, and damn his Soul,  
To live a wealthy Beggar!

No mouldy Fragment would he eat,  
And punish craving Nature,  
To make his Hoards the more compleat  
For others that come a'ter;

But on expensive Dainties dine,  
Enrich'd with noble Sauces,  
And in salubrious Bowls of Wine  
Drown all his Cares and Crosses:

Live well on Earth, no Pleasures spare;  
When Inclination offers;  
And ne'er be damn'd, to give an Heir  
The emptying of his Coffers.

For who would toil to fill his Bags,  
And trot with Bond and Tally,  
For nothing but unwholsome Rags,  
To hide an empty Belly?

*Such covetous unthinking Slaves,  
Are doubly damn'd, most surely,  
For getting Money first like Knaves,  
And next for living poorly ;*

*That Spend-Thrifts, govern'd by no Rules,  
When they are dead, may have it  
To fling away as much like Fools,  
As sordid Misers save it:*

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**M**

**The**

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*The Severe Magistrate :*

O R,

*The Proud Man in Authority.*

**H**E is one of *Lucifer's* Darlings, conjur'd, *ab Inferno*, into the upper World, on Purpose to gratify the Devil's Spite, in disturbing the Peace and Happiness of Mankind. His highest Felicity, is, to oppose all above him, and oppress those beneath him ; for he cannot look upwards, without Envy ; nor downwards, without Contempt. He is so haughty in Authority, and so malapert in an Office, that he is a perfect People-Plaguer ; and so very troublesom to all his Country-Neighbours, that he is dreaded more by the Inhabitants about him, than a Press-Constable by a Gang of skulking Vagabonds. He is so busy a Raker into other Men's Faults, that he may properly be term'd a very Scavenger to the Laws ; and is so glad of an Opportunity to bury other Peoples Reputation in their own Rubbish, that he never suffers the least Failing to pass unpunish'd, if it lies but within the utmost Extent of the most severe Statute, which he always has

has as ready in his ill-natur'd Mind, as a School-Boy has his *Accidence*. If an honest Man happens to be fuddl'd, tho' it proves the only Time in seven Years that he has fallen a Victim to the Pitcher; yet if any Rascally Informer can but convict him of the Vice, he shall surely pay the Penalty, or have one of his Shanks suffer Imprisonment by the Hour, as if his Legs were greater Criminals, than the rest of his Body, because they carry'd him to the Ale-house: Notwithstanding his Worship will drown his own Brains in a Deluge of *March-Beer*, twice or thrice in a Week; and make himself so remarkable a Clod-pate to the Company he keeps, that he cannot decline *Asinus* thro' the singular Number, without proving himself to be the very same Creature. He is ambitious of being thought, by all sober Christians, a most zealous Suppressor of Prophaneness and Immorality, and is accordingly very industrious to detect and punish all such vicious Offenders, not thro' any vertuous Principles, that his Worship can boast of any more than his Neighbours, but rather to gratify the insulting Severity of his austere Temper. For there is not one Vice or human Frailty, but what he fructifies more by his own sinful Examples, than he discourages by all the Penalties he in-

flicts daily upon others: Nor is it long  
 since one of his own Maid-Servants be-  
 came a swelling Evidence of his Worship's  
 manly Performances. However, he is so  
 trusty a Magistrate in the Execution of  
 his Authority, that he can behold the  
 Mote in his Brother's Eye, without pul-  
 ling out the Beam, which so obviously  
 ecclipses his own weaker Sight. Yet, after  
 all, he is so true a Whig, and so hearty  
 an Espouser of Revolution-Principles, that  
 he will ride five Miles from his Parish-  
 Church, to countenance and encourage a  
 new Meeting, and twice as far, to tender  
 the Oaths to a poor *Non-Jurant* Clergy-  
 man. Of all the Statutes which have, of  
 late, been provided for the better Preserva-  
 tion of the publick Welfare, he is most  
 enamour'd with that, which was so time-  
 ly made for the better Security of the  
 Game, because he finds it so excellent a  
 Preventitive against all Manner of Idleness,  
 that it will not give him Leave to nod  
 himself into a Lethargy, in his Elbow-  
 Chair, nor suffer him to drink himself in-  
 to a Dropsy, for want of other Business:  
 For he is so continually imploy'd in taking  
 away Dogs, Guns, and Nets, and in bind-  
 ing over Poachers to the Quarter-Sessions,  
 that he has scarce Leisure enough to do  
 one generous Action in a Quarter of a  
 Year:



Year : For, according to the Act, he takes such abundance of Care in securing the Game, I mean to himself, that there is scarce a Hare, or a Partridge, to be seen within three Miles round him, but what shall be found at his own Table ; and there they appear daily, during the whole Season, in Leashes and Covies so abominably plentiful, that the Journey-man Justice, his Worship's Clerk, eats more hollow Bits in one Week, than ever a Gentleman about him, does in a Month : For his Worship takes Care to make himself and his Man such compleat Sportsmen, that they destroy at least twelve Times as many as any Body else ; and, under a lawful Pretence of securing the Game, become the greatest Poachers in the Country. Amongst the rest of his Duties, he is so very industrious to rid the Country of idle Vagabonds, that none but his own Tenants shall be able to keep a Man-Servant, to assist them in their Drudgery, but what shall be sold to a recruiting Officer, at so much a Head, as if his Worship had as good a Right to them, as he has to his own Cattel. To add to his Qualifications, he's so rare an Examiner into the bawdy Mysteries of a living Tympany, that if a Girl, who, by tumbling backwards upon a Hay-mow, happens to

look a little big upon the Parish, be but brought before him to swear her *Hanson Kelder* upon some amorous *Coridon*, he will inspect so narrowly into the luscious Particulars of the illegitimate Mischance, that he must know even where, when, how often, which Way, and after what Manner, the pretty Business was consummated ; whilst my Lady stands hid in a convenient Closet, to tickle her Ears with the prurient Circumstances of the whole Intrigue, wishing that her self, with Safety to her Honour, could accidentally in the Dark tumble undiscover'd beneath the vigorous Assaults of so robust a Lover, as jumbled the poor Girl into such a duplicate Condition. When his stern Worship, before the grave Church-Wardens, has sifted as far into the bawdy *Arcana*, as the best of his Judgment will give him Leave, away they all go with his Worship's Hand and Seal, in Search of the poor Clown, who has made so home a Trespass upon the Wench's Virginity. But whenever he is hawl'd, *Coram nobis*, by a Country-Guard, my Lady well remembering how often he repeated his amorous Attacks, thinks it great Pity, that a Fellow so able to get Soldiers at Home, should be sent Abroad ; and so, out of wonderful Compassion, intercedes with her Husband, that  
the

the vigorous Fornicator may give Security to the Parish, and be kept out of the Service. Thus his Tun-belly'd Magnificence, with lowering Austerity, rules, like a petty Prince, over his rural Neighbourhood, swaggers like a Bully, drinks like a Dragon, huffs every Body, cares not for any Body, and is belov'd by no Body.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

*Should the great Ruler of the Whole,  
Look down on human Nature,  
With the same Scorn the haughty Soul  
Beholds his Fellow-Creature,*

*The Proud would dread those Ills they do  
To their inferior Brothers,  
Should Heav'n no other Mercy shew  
To them, than they to others.*

*With what strange Insolence can Man  
Expect to be forgiven,  
Who proves as cruel as he can  
To all the Sons of Heav'n?*

*Envy, Severity, and Pride,  
Are Qualities so evil  
In Magistrates, that they're ally'd  
To Witchcraft and the Devil.*



*Mildness and Mercy, ought to be  
The gentle Gifts and Graces  
Of Persons in Authority,  
Who sit in lofty Places.*

*'Tis true, the awful Brow, we find,  
Becomes a pow'rful Station;  
But let the Heart be still inclin'd  
To Mercy and Compassion.*

*The Sword of Justice cuts too keen,  
If us'd with Heat and Passion;  
It therefore should be lay'd on Men  
With Christian Moderation.*

*The Wise, the Merciful, and Just,  
Who've Consciences to bind 'em,  
Are only fit for publick Trust:  
But who knows where to find 'em?*

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*Riches*

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*Riches acquir'd before Discretion :*

O R,

*The young Extravagant Heir just come  
to an Estate.*

**W**Hilst seated at the University, beneath the severe Discipline of a careful Tutor, he receives the joyful News of the old Gentleman's Death; which proves as welcome a Surprize to the young Extravagant, as a Father's Proposal of an agreeable Match does to his buxom Daughter. No sooner is the sudden Gladness of his swelling Heart disguis'd with a melancholy Sute of fashionable Mourning, but he as hastily takes Leave of that learn'd Society, the College, and with as much Alacrity, as an insolvent Debtor does the close Confiners of a comfortless Jayl, when after a long Imprisonment he has obtain'd Mercy of his compassionate Creditors. His first Journey is to the Mansion-House, to remove the lifeless Remains of his defunct Father to the Tomb of his Ancestors, where the mouldy Ashes of the whole Family are carefully preserv'd in  
subterranean

subterranean Peace against the Day of Judgment. No sooner has he got rid of the paternal Rubbish, and sent it packing upon four Men's Shoulders, to that venerable Dungeon, the vaulted Grave, to be a silent Companion with the Bones of his Progenitors, but the Servants are discharg'd, and the Mannor-House, with the Lands adjacent, turn'd into a Farm; and then up comes our callow Gentleman to Town, with a rakish Resolution of enjoying all the luscious Vanity of this wicked *Sodom*, which abounds at all Times with every sinful Temptation, that the Devil, or his Agents, can possibly contrive, to decoy Man aside, both from his Duty, and his Reason. The City he thinks too sober, and too regular for his Residence; and is apt to fancy, by the Number of its Churches, that it's too much like a University, for a young Man to sin on, and be easy in, without the Remarks and Reproofs of such considerate Hypocrites, who are too avaritious to affect any Vice, but what is pleasant without Cost, or profitable without Scandal. Therefore he chuses to take Lodgings between the Play-House, and the Court; in which middle Station, he thinks a young Gentleman may be a Libertine, without Reflection, and rake on, without the Teaze of a friendly Reprehension,



hension, or the Fear of a reforming Constable. When thus happily seated in the very Center of Iniquity, where he must have great Fortune to discover a good Example once in a Twelve-month, that may give the least Check to his unbridled Appetites, or divert the Bias of his vicious Inclinations, he begins to follow the Doctrine of *Lucretius*, and is resolv'd to deny himself no Manner of Liberty, that may in any Kind be conducing to his juvenile Satisfaction. His Study now is utterly forsaken, for the loose Conversation of empty Beaus, and rattling Block-heads: His Books laid aside, for the inebrious Use of Tavern-Pots and Glassees: His Philosophy chang'd into Fencing and Dancing; and his sober Recreations unhappily despis'd, for the ruinous Delights of Drinking, Whoring, and Gaming. The Play-House is now become his principal Academy; and he is so vain to think, that there is better Education to be borrow'd from the Stage, than deriv'd from the University. His graceful Deportment, he industriously copies from the Majestick Struts of some Theatrical Tyrant; and foolishly fancies there is more Rhetorick in the blustering Rhodomontade of a Stage-Hero, than in all *Tully's* Orations. He is so wonderfully taken with the lascivious Jut of  
fair

fair *Helen's* plump Buttocks, especially if  
 the *Gracian* Beauty is but happily repre-  
 sented by a young tollerable Actress, that  
 he would give a hundred Pounds to have  
 a Night's Exercise with the tempting Prat-  
 tle-box ; which desir'd Happiness, were  
 he but once acquainted with her, he might  
 purchase for five Shillings, provided she  
 was not pre-engag'd to gratify the Lust of  
 some enamour'd Quality, at a much bet-  
 ter Price. A new Set of Tunes make him  
 nod his Head, like an angry Pedant at an  
 unlucky School-Boy, or a jealous Ram at  
 his distant Rival ; and he will laugh more  
 heartily at the fantastick Gestures and ri-  
 diculous Grimaces of a conceited Zany,  
 than at the wittiest Jest in the whole Play.  
 The Ladies he beholds with such desirous  
 Satisfaction, that he thinks himself as hap-  
 py, as if he had stollen privately into the  
*Grand Seignior's* Seraglio, and fancies him-  
 self in Paradise, for no other Reason, but  
 because he thinks he has more Whores a-  
 bout him, than even *Solomon* had Concu-  
 bines. If a mercenary Curtezan drops but  
 her Fan in the Pit, to try the Complai-  
 sance of the young amorous Coxcomb, he  
 stoops as nimbly to take it up, as if my  
 Lady had been a Dutchess ; and delivers  
 the Instrument of Ventulation to her fair  
 Hand, with such a profound Respect, as  
 if

if he was fond of so happy an Opportunity of shewing his humble Cringes to the more humble Petticoat; which, for half a Crown, would rise as nimbly as the Play-House Curtain, and answer any Man's Challenge with a clear Stage, and no Favour. *Phillis* finding by his ceremonious Deportment, that he wants the Forwardness of a Town-bred Gentleman, takes an Occasion to return his Civility after such an encouraging Manner, that he cannot move off without farther Tittle Tattle, 'till at last she hooks the young Fool as fast for a Night's Adventure, as if God *Priapus* had decreed the amorous Engagement, the better to embolden the unfinish'd Libertine in Love's Exercise for the future. Thus, by Degrees, he gains so deep an Insight into the Mysteries of Whoring, that, in a little Time, he can talk as impudently to a velvet Scarf, as to a smutty Orange-Wench: But before he acquires more Sense and Experience, than to be a Bubble to a Jilt, he is forc'd to become one to a Surgeon; and is glad to pay a great deal more for his Punishment, than, perhaps, he did for the unfortunate Pleasure, that made him liable to so severe a Pennance. When the Needle of his Affection is thus unhappily touch'd with Love's mysterious Load-stone, he seems not  
dissatisfy'd



dissatisfy'd so much with the Pain, as at  
 the present Forbearance of that pleasing  
 Exercise he so greatly delighted in ; and  
 therefore (angry at his ill Fortune) only  
 curses the Consequence, before he has left  
 the Vice ; as avaritious Drunkards do their  
 Tavern-Expences, yet have not the Ver-  
 tue to resolve against Wine. Setting aside  
 the great Veneration he has, when he is  
 well, for the Conversation of the Petticoat,  
 his chief Companions are, first, Rakes like  
 himself ; next, Spungers, Flatterers, and  
 Sycophants, who live upon the Prodigal,  
 as Suckers upon the Whale, or as devour-  
 ing Caterpillars upon the flourishing Sica-  
 more, who never forsake it, 'till they have  
 stripp'd it of its Verdency. His *Hibernian*  
 Fencing-Master, is so gallant a Hero with  
 him, that the young Parrier gives as much  
 Credit to all his Duelling Romances, and  
 fictitious Rencounters, as if they were as  
 true as the Apostles Creed, when they are  
 all as fabulous as the terrible Combats be-  
 tween *Guy* Earl of *Warmick*, and the Gi-  
 ant *Rumbus* ; and only invented to gull  
 young Coxcombs into an Opinion of his  
 Bravery, which seldom extends beyond a  
 dry Push with a harmless Foil, or a sham  
 Bluster to scare a cowardly Bully out of  
 some common Bawdy-House. The nim-  
 ble-heel'd Regulator of his Bows and  
 Cringes,

Cringes, passes with him also for a very compleat Gentleman: For he thinks, 'tis as impossible to win the Heart of a well-bred Lady, without his regular Approaches, and a fashionable Deportment *secundum Artem*, as it is to make a Lawyer his faithful Friend, without greasing him in the Fist. Gaming he esteems as a very honourable Recreation, because he hears it is a fashionable Pastime among great Men and Court-Ladies; yet, thro' a cowardly Fear of the Dangers that arise over the Devil's Bones, he cares not much for Tavern-Play amongst quarrelsome Sharpers and Town-Bullies, lest he should be oblig'd to hazard his Person, as well as his Money; therefore rather chuses to divert the Ladies at *Basset* and *Omber*, to whom he may lose his Money with the Security of his Life, without Squabble or Contention, and, perhaps, have the Satisfaction of a Night's Lodging with the fair Winner into the Bargain. Thus, for want of Discretion, he rakes away his Youth, and fools away his Money, 'till he has wasted his Estate, and unhappily brought himself at early Years, to a beggarly Repentance.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**A** *V*ritious Age, or vicious Youth,  
I know not which are wiser,  
Since Riches are a Curse to both  
The Spend-thrift and the Miser.

The Rake that's govern'd by no Rule,  
Has too much Wealth, if any,  
Because he spends it like a Fool,  
Whilst he commands a Penny.

The Covetous, tho' rich in Store,  
With Bars and Locks abuse it ;  
And in the mid'st of Wealth, are poor,  
Because they fear to use it.

Thus one is with his Riches curs'd,  
Because no Rules will bind him ;  
The other 'cause he starves, 'till forc'd  
To leave his Wealth behind him.

Both are made wretched by Extreame ;  
One spends without reserving ;  
Whilst t' other's plagu'd with restless Dreams  
Of Robbers, and of starving.

But



*But he that's vicious and profuse,  
Is thought to be the better,  
Because the Publick have the Use  
Of what such Block-heads scatter :*

*Whilst he that doats upon his Pelf,  
Does such an Idol make on't,  
He'll neither use his Gold himself,  
Nor let the World partake on't.*

*Therefore, since both deserv'dly fall  
Beneath our Condemnation,  
Be not too close, or prodigal,  
But spend with Moderation.*

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*The States-man's Minion :*

O R,

*The Politick Understrapper.*

**H**E is a bold Sophister of quick Parts, tolerable Learning, firm of Resolution, and speedy in Dispatch. But as for Religion or Conscience, he has as little to boast of, as his wiser Master, to whom he is as serviceable, as the Jackall to the Lyon, or the Albecore to the *Leviathan*: For when ever his grand *Domine* has an evil Design in secret Agitation, it is his Minion's honourable Post to prepare the Way for the succeeding Mischief, and to remove all Stumbling-blocks out of the Path, that the *Machiavelian* Project may work its Effect with the greater Facility. He is the Trumpeter of Faction, the Whisperer of Calumny, the Spreader of false News, the Oracle of his Master's Fame, the very Pimp to his Lust, and the principal Confident to all his other Vices. He is so truly qualify'd for all Manner of Services, that he is fit to be a *Cromwell* to a *Woolsey*, a *Tracy* to an *Essex*, a *Chevins* to an amorous Monarch, or a *Catamite* to a

*Dutch.*

*Dutch-Man.* His Nature is so well adapted to all Manner of Intrigues, that he's an incomparable Agent in all the Catalogue of Villainies, from the highest Treason, to the lowest Fallacy ; and, to gratify the Ambition of either his Master, or himself, will, with a graceful Impudence, outface undauntedly the most solemn Truth, affirm, in Publick, the most incredible Lie, insolently oppose the most convincing Reason, and strenuously defend the most pernicious Nonsense, if all will but answer the evil End so far, as to either blind the Ignorant, please the Well-wishers to the evil Design he is about to propagate, or prove but the least conducing to the intricate Affair intrusted to his Management. Besides all these extraordinary Talents, his Tongue is tipp'd with the very Quintessence of Facundity, which is a mighty Advantage in facilitating his Purpose ; and has his evil Member so queintly hung with Flatteries and fair Promises, that he makes them as useful to all his crooked Designs, as Crutches are to a lame Man, or Spectacles to the dim-sighted. For he dives the deeper into others, by his wheedling Adulations ; and oftentimes tips his Insinuations and Suggestions with such peceitful Promises of subsequent Advantages, that by these Means, he often wins



Abettors and Promoters of his **Stratagem** in Hand, which would otherwise move as slowly as a loaded Waggon with half a Team, had he not Wit enough to timely gain such necessary Assistance: For no Rebellion can ever be ripen'd to a mischievous Maturity, or the People mis-led to any dangerous Breach of Duty, or Pitch of Disobedience, without deluding Promises, and a false Prospect of some chimerical Advantage to engage them in the Villainy. He is a busy Visiter of all great Coffee-Houses, where he is very industrious to fill the Ears of all such listening Coxcombs and Mechanicks, who daily resort to such Places, to prepare their Understandings with stupifying Coffee, to swallow all such ridiculous Novelties as our politick Understrapper has a Commission from his Master to impose upon them: For if it be but News, and confidently vouch'd by a Man of Eloquence and Figure, tho' as false as the Devil, it will certainly pass Muster amongst unthinking Num-skulls, who never weigh any Thing in the Scale of Reason, but the important Difference between prime Cost and Profit. If the factious Design our evil Agent has in Hand, be level'd at the Throne, and the Prince thereon is to be made an accountable Servant to his good Lords the People; then all the

the old Rogues, that ever have had the Impudence to preach or write on that rebellious Subject, must be highly extoll'd for their Wisdom, and their Sanctity; their Arguments hyperboliz'd, as angelical Inspirations; their Books recommended to the reading of all Companies, and themselves represented as the worthiest Patriots of the Ages they liv'd in; when their pious Labours, as our Minion must call them, were indeed no more, than the poysonous Froth of fanatical Choler, first rais'd into a Ferment by Zeal, Stubbornness, and Ignorance, and afterwards maliciously drawn off into tedious Harangues, dulcify'd with broken Texts of holy Scriptures, strain'd, and wrested to their wicked Purposes, and afterwards scatter'd amongst the Crowd, in order to sow Schisms in the Church, Sedition in the People, and Distractions in the State. But these are the celebrated Authors, whose excellent Works must be recommended to the Publick, that the groveling Multitude may timely recollect their rebellious Catechism, at such a Time when the Prince is to wave his Scepter to a rising Faction. If the Endeavours of the States-man are to raise his Prince to a tyrannical Pitch, that his own Ambition may be the better answer'd that Way, hoping by his Authorities, he

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may

may have the greater Power to oppress the Publick ; then the principal Business of our politick Understrapper, must be to extol the Government of the Prince, magnify his Vertues, where ever he comes, gild all his Failings with the politest Adulations, that even the worst of his Vices, if it cannot be obscur'd, may glitter in the Eyes of the Subject, and pass amongst the Ignorant for a Royal Ornament. Loyalty he is to commend, as the highest Duty of all subordinate Authorities, and is to openly encourage all pragmatistical Constables, and other busy Incendiaries, to take the Advantage of every miss Word, that any imprudent Fuddle-cap shall happen to let fall over his Cups, in Disrespect to the Government ; that by making Examples of such talkative Sticklers, it may be a Means to deter other warm Spirits from reviling the Ministry. When Matters are carry'd to a greater Height, and their Proceedings are more arbitrary ; and when the Wings of the Prerogative are so sufficiently stretch'd , that our corrupt Statesman can sit beneath them in safe Umbrage, and enjoy all the Advantages of Royal Greatness ; then our Understrapper's Business is to drive Bargains, solicit Favours, receive Bribes, and dispatch, under hand, all the profitable Mysteries



ries that relate to Royal Clemency ; of which his grand Master, as well as himself, are to industriously make very unreasonable Advantages. The Prince is to be blinded, the People oppress'd, Divisions to be widen'd, the penal Laws to be let loose, the weaker Party to be worry'd, the stronger to be gratify'd ; and then the Minion must be advanc'd to some considerable Post, that he may have the better Opportunity to be near his Master, for the easy Dispatch of such Business, which is no Ways to be manag'd, but behind the Curtain in the greatest Obscurity. When thus advanc'd, the fortunate Minion drives on *Jebu*-like, and, with a heavy Hand, smites all that oppose the Violence of his Speed with a *Jereboam* Stroke, 'till at last, the Eyes of the Prince are happily open'd by the wise Councils, prudent Admonitions, and seasonable Discoveries of some faithful Minister ; and then the dangerous Ingrosser of Royal Favour, by a fatal Clap of unexpected Thunder, is suddenly struck down from his lofty Pinnacle ; and his trusty Creature, in his rising Glory, forc'd to hide his Head from the approaching Hurricane ; or if not so wise, as to shun the Threats of the impending Storm, it is ten to one, but he will be seasonably made a Publick Example for the Iniquities

of his Master : For the great Flies commonly break thro' the Cobweb, whilst the lesser are detain'd, and forc'd to submit to the Mercy of the Spider.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**W**Hoever hopes to rise aloft  
Beneath a tow'ring Master,  
Must think, in Spite of all his Craft,  
To struggle with Disaster.

Minions are necessary Tools  
To cunning Politicians ;  
And prove of Use, like knavish Fools,  
To travelling Physicians.

What, tho' he's able to advise,  
When e'er his Lord shall need it ?  
In all Things, where the Man proves wise,  
The Master has the Credit.

But if my Lord mistakes his Aim,  
And in his Project fumbles,  
His Minion then must bear the Blame,  
When e'er his Lordship stumbles.

So Madam, when a Trump is fled,  
A modest Look will put on,  
And charge the Fault upon her Maid,  
Or else her Lap-dog Button.

Great

*Great Quality must have their Skreens,  
To blind a foolish Nation ;  
Or else their Faults, like other Men's,  
Would soon have Publication.*

*But they have twenty subtil Ways,  
To hide their sully'd Honour ;  
Five Guineas to our Poet Bays,  
Will make him praise the Donor.*

*The Great, in short, disdain all Rules,  
To steer by Inclination ;  
And must have fawning Knaves and Fools,  
To save their Reputation.*

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*The*

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*The Promissory Gentleman :*

O R,

*The Fashionable Friend.*

**H**E is your verbal humble Servant, upon all Occasions wherein you have no Need of him ; and is so very forward of his Promises to serve you, when you have no Want of his Assistance, that the windy Expressions of his auricular Friendship, are enough to puff up a credulous Companion into a Conceit of his Integrity. He never meets you, but he gripes your Hand, to the Detriment of your Knuckles, with as much seeming Cordiality, as if he had a Mind to incorporate his own Flesh and Blood with yours, thro' his Affection to your Person ; and has his Tongue always tipp'd with as many insinuating Flatteries, as if he had chosen you, as Men do their Mistresses, to be the principal Object of his terrestrial Happiness. As long as he finds he can preserve your good Opinion of him, he will haunt you, and follow you, as the Pig did St. *Anthony* ; and will endeavour to perswade you, that he's never easy, but in your agreeable Company.

Company. To give you farther Testimonies of his wonderful Respect for you ; if you are viciously inclin'd, you can propose no rakish Adventure, except fighting, but what he will readily be your Second in ; and, rather than fail, will stand Centery at a Lady's Chamber-Door, whilst you rival her Keeper, or cuckold her Husband: Bear you Company at a Tavern a whole Night with a Town-Strumpet, whore with you, drink with you, game with you, or do any Thing that is base, without Danger, to shew himself conformable. Should he die first, a single Man, in which State he hopes always to keep himself, you are the only Person he would certainly chuse for his sole Executor ; which indearing Promise he frequently repeats, on Purpose to engage you to make the like Protestations ; and then he thinks he has an equal Chance to be the fortunate Survivor. His Pocket is always at your Service, so far as a Debauch may require his Assistance ; but to once that he lends, he will borrow twice ; for he never does one Courtesy, but he will exact it double. His Money, tho' he values it next to his Heart's Blood, he seemingly places but such a slender Esteem upon, that you would think he deem'd it but as worthless Dross, that he knew no Use of, but to throw a-  
way

way extravagantly ; tho' his only Design, is, to encourage you to be careless of your Pocket, that it may be the opener to his subtil Encroachments, when he wants the Lend of a considerable Sum, to do him Service upon a special Occasion ; hoping, that at some Time or other, he may better his Fortune by your friendly Assistance, which is the principal Drift of all his flickering Adulations and amicable Assurances. If you happen to rise to any publick Post, or to better your Fortune, by the Death of rich Relations, he will stick as close to you, as a sucking Fish to a Whale, or a Snail to a Cabbage-Leaf. But if you happen to be depress'd by any singular Misfortune, or chance, by any Accident to fall beneath the Frowns of the sublunary World, so subject to Mutation, your Pretender of a Friend will be so full of Business at such a Juncture, that he will scarce find Leisure to pay you an ordinary Visit, 'till the Storm is blown over : Or, if he has the good Nature to come, with half a Mind, to condole your Misfortune, 'tis with so much Caution, that if he finds your Circumstances such, as to make the least Attempt upon his Pocket, he has pre-arm'd himself, and fortify'd his Purse with so many Excuses against such Attacks, that you may as well ask a Miser for a  
Sum



Sum of Money, without good Security and large Interest, as to work upon the Sycophant, to do you the least Service. But if you are only afflicted with fat Sorrow, and want no Money to support you in your Troubles; then you will still find him such a close Comforter, that if ten thousand flattering Lies will give you the least Consolation, he will ply you with them as constantly, as an ardent Lover does a coy Mistress, with fresh Testimonies of his cordial Affection; and rather than lose a lucky Opportunity of making himself a Gainer, in the Close of his Friendship, were it your Destiny to be hang'd for killing a Watch-man, with Tears in his Eyes, he would beg your Watch, or your Diamond-Ring, to keep for your Sake, that when ever he look'd upon the one, or the other, it might renew his Grief, and cause him to lament, with the greater Zeal, the unhappy Loss of so true a Friend. If ever he happens, by the smiling Influence of blind Fortune, to rise above the Level of that Station, wherein your Friendship was contracted, the Air of his Countenance will be so wonderfully chang'd, the Flexibility of his Temper so mightily stiffen'd, and his former Deportment so strangely alter'd of a sudden, that the Height of his Advance  
may

may be easily measur'd, by his Degrees of Variation from his old Familiarity : For you will then find the fawning Humility and conformable Acquiescence, which you mistook before to be the friendly Face-tiousness of his natural Disposition, to be now chang'd to a peremptory Haughtiness, and such a careless Indifference towards his dear Friend, on whom, in the Times of *Tore*, he had so lavishly flung away such abundance of Flatteries, that you would think the Power that first made him, had metamorphos'd his Soul, as well as mended his Condition. And when thus elevated to a Pitch of Preferment, if he has any Thing in his Disposal, which he is well satisfy'd you would gladly accept of, tho' you make your Application never so timely, you may rest under the Assurance of being last serv'd ; because he will imagine you'll expect a Friendship, and that he cannot, in Honour, make his best Market of such an amicable Chapman : Therefore he will dispose of the Employment, underhand, to the fairest Bidder ; and then, to shift off the Blame from himself, charge the Occasion upon some Superior, whose Recommendation he was oblig'd to give Way to, upon the Hazard of losing his own Employment. Thus, by backing his Ingratitude with fifty Falsities, he excuses  
the

the Matter ; and so, after several such Sorts of Slights and Neglects, your Bosom-Friend dwindles, by Degrees, into Sir, your humble Servant ; 'till, at length, all prior Obligations terminate in Oblivion.

### Familiar Descant on the foregoing Character.

**F**riendship, so much by Sots profess'd,  
     When o'er the merry Bottle,  
 Like Woman's Vertue, is at best  
     No more than Tittle Twattle.

The Courtier vows he'll be your Friend,  
     And pawns his Life upon it ;  
 Yet will not merit, in the End,  
     The waving of your Bonnet.

The boon Companion, o'er his Wine,  
     Will promise to befriend you ;  
 But when he finds you're bare of Coin,  
     The Dev'l a Sous he'll lend you.

Your Bosom-Lady now so kind,  
     Who swears she doats upon you,  
 Will fail you, if she once can find  
     You stand in need of Money.

*Your*



*Your very Brother will dispense  
 With all the Ties of Nature,  
 And take it for a great Offence,  
 You should become his Debtor.*

*The Friend that you esteem the best,  
 And think the most deserving,  
 Should you by Fate be once depress'd,  
 He'd spurn you when you're starving.*

*But say, there is a Friend, and you've  
 The lucky Wit to chuse him ;  
 Unless you can requite his Love,  
 You'll very quickly lose him.*

*For Friendship never long can thrive,  
 Whilst Int'rest is its Mother ;  
 But soon must die, since all Men strive  
 To bubble one another.*

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*The Temporizing Zealot :*

O R,

*The Religious Mammonist.*

**H**E pretends highly to Religion, just as some Whores do to Abundance of Modesty ; not thro' any Affection to its Precepts, but to put a Gloss upon his Villainies ; as the other, by her reserv'd Looks, hopes to do upon her Vices : And as the mercenary Strumpet generally proportions her Love to her Interest, and is most liberal of her Favours to those Cullies, that she gets most by ; so our sanctify'd Weather-cock seems always most devout among those People he designs to bubble ; and, with a shaking Head, tips the Member of Hypocrisy with the most Scripture, when he designs to cheat you. He preaches up Conscience, just as the Fanaticks do Moderation, *viz.* That others may deal with that Honesty towards him, which himself will use to no Body. He is a half-fac'd Christian, of that holy Policy, that he always tacks about, in every popular Change, to the Religion in Fashion ; and can fix his Zeal to any profitable Point of

O

modish

modish Worship, with as much seeming Devotion, as a Whore says her Prayers that very Morning she is going to be flux'd. He abounds with as much Loyalty, as Bow-Bells, or the Tower-Guns; for he can welcome in an *Oliver*, as well as a King; and make himself as noisy upon every Revolution, as if there could be no Change upon Earth, but what was of Heaven's sending. Tho' he loudly pretends to be a mighty Stickler for Liberty and Property, and roars, like a Dragon, about the Welfare of his Country; yet he makes no Conscience of cheating the Government of their Taxes, the Widow of her Dowry, the Orphan of his Fortune, or the Church of her Tythes; as if he scarce allow'd any of these to be Christian Members of the national Community; and that he thought it no more Sin, to sacrifice their Dues to his own Avarice, than it was to seal up his Bags from the Fingers of his Wife, or to lock up his Cupboard from his own Servants. If he can but squeeze himself into a pecuniary Post, in Spite of all the Religion the pious Knave professes, he will carefully preserve such a sinister Communication between his Fingers and his Pockets, that the Fear of Detection will no more keep him honest, than the Love of God will make him charitable;



ritable; yet, the better to deceive the  
 World, and to raise himself high in the  
 Estimation of the Saints, he is always  
 canting in publick Company about saving  
 Grace and good Works, and continually  
 preaching up those Vertues, which he ne-  
 ver practises; as Beaus commend the Perfe-  
 ctions of great Ladies, they are wholly  
 unacquainted with, and Bullies brag of  
 those couragious Duels, they never durst  
 engage in. His avaritious Soul is so deep-  
 ly touch'd with the Love of Riches, that  
 instead of pointing to Heaven, it always  
 stands as fix'd to worldly Interest, as the  
 Needle of the Compass to the North-Pole:  
 Bows to no other Idol, but his Wealth;  
 and centers in no other God, but his be-  
 lov'd *Mammon*. His first waking Thoughts,  
 upon his Morning-Pillow, are constantly  
 imploy'd in the notable Contrivance of  
 some profitable Fraud; the Business of  
 the Day, after his up-rising, is, to put it  
 into Practice; and his Evenings's Diver-  
 sion, is, to laugh in his Sleeve at the Fools  
 he has out-witted. When the Saints as-  
 pire high upon the Wings of Tolleration,  
 he sanctifies his Face, shapes his Coat, and  
 models his Devotion, according to the  
 Fashion of the Righteous: But when, by  
 their violent Moderation, they have for-  
 feited that Liberty back to those that gave

it ; then he can change his Countenance, as the Camelion does his Colour ; shake off the quерpo Symbols of primitive Purity, and dress himself up as much like an honest Man, as if he had never dissented from the true Church, and a good Conscience. He is always as punctual to his Word, as a Whore to an Assignment ; but is never without the Cunning, to take Care how he ever makes a Promise to his best Friend, that does not terminate in his own special Advantage : So that all his boasted Regularity and exact Performances, are, in short, no more, than a constant Observance of his own Interest. When he claps his Hand upon his Breast, and turns up his Eyes, before he makes his Utterance, you may take it for a Warning, he has Treachery in his Heart, and is about to deceive you : For when ever he expresses himself with the most Sanctity, he is certainly designing the greatest Fraud ; as the Devil, when he appears like an Angel of Light, is always about to perpetrate the deepest Mischief. When ever the Sincerity of his Countenance is turn'd into a sour Aspect, that he looks as crabbed as a Country Scold leading to a Cukking-Stool, you may be sure some of his holy Shams have disappointed him ; and that he has met with some Saint or other,

other, who has countermin'd his Knavery, and prov'd too far *North* for him.

The Affection of his Heart, is under a triangular Division, between the *Bank*, the *Exchequer*, and the *East-India* Company ; for, upon all profitable Emergencies, his Riches are rowl'd in amongst them, that his mercenary Bags may gather, like a Snow-ball ; and where-ever he ventures his Wealth, his Soul is always hovering ; as the restless Ghost of a defunct Miser loves to haunt the Place, where his useless Gold lies bury'd in a Butter-pot, that he may not want Money to fee good Counsel, to plead his bad Cause at the Day of Judgment. When ever he prays earnestly, 'tis for his good Success in some evil Undertaking, that he may not run the Hazard of damning his Soul to no Purpose ; and never thanks God so heartily, as when he has added to his Prosperity, by knavishly over-reaching his weaker Neighbour. As his demure Countenance is zealously adorn'd with all the Lineaments of Hypocrisy, so his Heart is fill'd with all the villainous Craft, and his Head furnish'd with as many sinister Stratagems, as ever were found in *Spanish Guzman*, or the *English Rogue* ; for he hates the dilatory Way of getting Money honestly ; and loves nothing bet-



ter, than to play the Knave thoroughly, under the Mask of Religion, for a little hasty Profit. He is a mighty furious Partizan, and a violent Stickler for that Side which is uppermost: But if a Penny would save, even a holy Brother, from the Teeth of a Statute, or the Claws of *Satan*, he would not part with it, without good Security, and an unreasonable *Premium*; for he never lends without Usury, nor deals without Extortion; yet he will talk as much of Conscience, and wrangle as heartily in Defence of Religion, as if he was ready to die a Martyr for his Faith; when he would sooner rob the Chancel of the Church-Plate, or turn the Saint's Bell into a Porridge-pot, than he would do one Act of Piety or Charity, without the sure Prospect of a speedy Advantage; For, in short, he is a meer Snail of a Christian; who, instead of a Cabbage-stalk, sticks close to nothing but his own Interest.

Familiar

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**W**E rave against the Whore of Rome ;  
But let our own Religion,  
To th' Scandal of our Church, become  
The Villain's Enchiridion.

'Tis the Knave's Handle to each Fraud,  
By which he wrongs his Neighbours :  
Each Robber too, implores his God  
To bless his wicked Labours.

The very Bawd, that odious Beast,  
The worst of Female Creatures,  
Itb' Church must twice a-day, at least,  
Expose her wither'd Features,

She vainly strives to hide her Crimes  
With a religious Vizard,  
Altho' the Sow is fifty Times  
More wicked than a Wizard.

The very Dame that lives by Love,  
And by her Buttock's Motion,  
In Publick will dishonour Jove  
With outward sham-Devotion ;

She too has learn'd the pious Way,  
Like wanton holy Sister,  
To blush and sin ; then cry and pray,  
As soon as Man has kiss'd her.

*The Trader to his Interest bends  
The Faith, that he inclines to,  
And serves the Lord for private Ends;  
And so do some Divines too.*

*Vertue, in short, is so much sunk,  
That by the Rich and Noble,  
Down to the petty Knave and Punk,  
Religion's made a Bubble.*

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*The*

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*The Dignify'd Adulterer :*

O R,

*The Libertine of Title.*

**H**E is generally match'd by his Parents, in his Youth, to some young half-got puny Heiress of Quality, or to the only clumsy Progeny of some gouty Aldermen, for the Sake of her Fortune; whose aukward Deportment, disagreeable Temper, and other Imperfections, are so far from being able to inflame the Heart of a Lover, or to engage the Affections of a youthful Husband, that they are rather Antidotes to that Love and Harmony, which must preserve the Happiness of a marry'd Life: So that he is no sooner enter'd into the Nuptial Bilboes, and the pleasing Thoughts of his Bed-fellow's Virginity vanish'd with the Blessing, but his amorous Inclinations begin to wander from his lawful Bride; who in a little Time, for want of Charms, is esteem'd a Curse, much rather than a Comfort. Then turning his Back, with abundance of Indifference, upon his Nuptial Enjoyments, he begins to visit the Play-House,

House, with a loose Desire of gratifying his youthful Warmth with some obliging Lady of more agreeable Beauty ; and setting himself up for a fashionable Lover of new Faces, is readily decoy'd by false Stones, borrow'd Looks, and deceitful Hearts, to make repeated Breaches of the matrimonial Obligations, he repentingly lies under, 'till, at last, he becomes famous, for a Man of Honour, among all the intriguing fair Ladies of Quality, that are given to back-sliding. Now a trusty Confident, by some Bosom-Friend, is recommended to his Livery ; one that has been bred a Foot-Boy, from twelve Years of Age, under some kept Curtezan, to the State of Maturity, who, with a cleanly Conveyance, can cunningly deliver a *Billet-deux*, and trustily pimp in all difficult Cases, where, for the deceiving a Husband, or blinding a Rival, his Assistance may be requisite. No sooner is his worthy Character spread thro' the Theatre ; but every Evening, in the Pit, the Bawds flutter about him, like so many Change-Brokers about a topping Merchant ; and every one has a beautiful Blossom, or an unfledg'd Maiden-head, at his Donship's Service, as often as he cares to fling away twenty Guineas upon the imaginary Bawble ; which, perhaps, has been sacrific'd  
before

before, in dirty Rags, for a Shilling, to some Bayliff's Follower, e'er the pretty-fac'd Baggage had the lucky Opportunity of changing her Apple-stall Tatters, into Silks and Furbeloes. Matrimony now is of no farther Use to him, than the Augmentation of his Estate; and of no other Benefit to his Lady, than to increase her Miseries, lest she has the Wit, as most Women have in this amorous Age, to soften her Misfortunes, by a reciprocal Use of the like Liberties. By a Habit of Incontinence, as well as Inconstancy, he becomes at last so universal a Lover, that the best of his Days, and the Vigour of his Youth, which ought to be exercis'd within nuptial Bounds, to the comfortable Propagation of a lawful Progeny, are now scatter'd thro' the whole Town, to the Ruin of some, the cuckolding of many, the Prejudice of his Health, and the Scandal of his Honour; that it is almost as dangerous for a pretty Girl to trust herself in his Family, in the Station of a Servant, as it is to become Chamber-maid to a Bawd, in a publick Brothel: For his Lust, thro' Custom, grows so very predominant, that he cannot look upon a fresh Face, that is any Ways inviting, but his Heart shall be inflam'd with such a passionate Concupiscence, that he can no  
more



more content himself, without a hot Pursuit of the new Fangle, than a Moth, at Night, can forbear burning his Wings, when he beholds a Candle. Thus his Donship ranges, in the Fury of his Youth, like a Parson's Bull amongst the Female Herd; and, if he likes but the Lady, scorns to ask so conscientious a Question, as whose Wife, whose Mistress, or whose Daughter? But vows abundance of Love, by Way of Preface; and, if that will not do, is very liberal of his Money, to strengthen his Temptation, wisely knowing, by Experience, that Gold and Flattery, are the two prevailing battering Rams, which seldom fail, if seasonably apply'd, to make a Breach wide enough in a Woman's Virtue, for Man to enter at. Besides, these back'd with the Advantages of his Grandeur, and the Assistance of his Agents, make few Ladies able to withstand the Force of his florid Importunities, when she is thus strenuously attack'd with all Love's Artillery, at a proper Opportunity: So that when he pushes for a Victory, he is generally successful by Bribery, Flattery, or some other Stratagem. But notwithstanding he is so sinful a Drudge to his own Vices, and, dissonant to the swelling Sound of his mighty Titles, makes himself but a worthless Slave to his libidinous Appetites; yet  
Honour

Honour and Estate to a Libertine of Quality, like a sanctify'd Look and a canting Tongue to a knavish Citizen, are so effectual a Skreen from the Reproaches of the Publick, and the Punishments of the Law, that the former may whore on, without Danger or Reflection, as the latter cozens, without Scandal or Suspicion. When our amorous Libertine has melted away his Prime, in his carnal Debaucheries; which, together with his riotous Excesses, fattening Luxury, the Ease of a Coach, and the Want of wholesome Exercise, bring his Bulkiness, at last, to the tormenting Gout, or painful Stone, attended with the double Curse of a strong Desire, and a feeble Incapacity; then beginning to be tir'd with the troublesome Fatigues, that the Diversity of Amours are continually subject to; and withal, considering his Inability to dispense with such Variety of Favours, he now becomes willing to contract his Sins within a narrower Compass, and to quit the Trouble of those numerous Intrigues he had been accusom'd to engage in. In order to accomplish this miraculous Reformation; which, tho' owing to his Imbecillity, must, in Manners to his Quality, be ascrib'd to his Vertue, he begins, with a vigilant Eye, to examine the Theatre, the common Nursery

fery of Great Men's Mistresses, and to see if the Stage affords a maidenly pretty *Philis*, that may be thought worthy of being well kept, as his Bosome-Prostitute, to be drench'd with the foeculent Remains of his Honour's declining Letchery. At last, being mightily enamour'd with the painted Cheeks, the pencell'd Eye-brows, the innocent Looks, the Syren's Voice, the stately Tread, the padded Buttocks, the Stage-Deportment, and the Theatrical Performances of some Orange-Woman's Daughter, Proposals are made to Miss *China*, by a proper Agent, of being maintain'd like a Lady, besides a comfortable Settlement, in Case of Death ; which, by the Advice of her Mother, she has Wit enough to accept of ; and so his Honour, in the Declension of his Lust, most humbly submits himself to be a Brother-Sterling to some ridiculous *Zany*, or sham *Alexander*. Thus the charming Representative of some defunct Princess, steps, at once, from her Past-board Throne, into her gilt Chariot ; and so leaves off playing the Fool publicly, for the Pleasure of many Great Men, to play the Whore privately, to the Delight of one. And if she has but the Fortune, by the Help of good Friends, to bless her Keeper with a spritely Bastard, that, in his fading Years, he may have the Satisfaction



faction of thinking, that, notwithstanding his Debaucheries, he is still able to do a beastly Act to a manly Purpose; she then makes him so proud of his Performances, that if she has but Cunning enough to improve the Advantage, she will soon coax the fond Daddy to line her Cabinets, add to her Maintenance, and mend her Settlement. For he that has so little Prudence as to keep a Whore, when he has a lawful Bedfellow, is always Fool enough to be made her farther Bubble, upon every pleasing Occasion: For Estate and Title, tho' they often secure a Great Man from the Scandal of his Crimes, yet they never can protect him from the Subtilties and Sorceries of his Whores and Flatterers. Thus the high and mighty *Domine Mag Ninny*, render'd so wise, good, and generous, by the mendicant Adulations of the Riming Fraternity, is often as foolish, and as wicked, as those very Coxcombs, who are so pusillanimous and slavish, as to Deify the Rake, and then worship the heathenish Idol of their own making, for his Quality, and his *Mammon*.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**T**HE mighty Man, that rides in State,  
Puff'd up with Wealth and Title ;  
Altho' his Sins are ne'er so great,  
The Scandal is but little.

His publick Grandeur puts a Gloss  
Upon his Crimes and Vices ;  
And tho' his Sins are ne'er so gross,  
They never want Disguises.

What tho' b' as basely kill'd a Man  
Wallow'd in Fornications ?  
His Chaplain soon can wash him clean,  
With pious Dedications.

The Poets too will draw their Pens,  
To vindicate his Honour ;  
Because they hope, to make Amends,  
He'll prove a lib'ral Donor.

Designing Rogues and humble Slaves,  
For Riches only prize Men ;  
And he that wins the Fools and Knaves,  
Need never fear the wise Men.

Sappho obtain'd a God-like Fame,  
By Parrots Proclamation ;  
So the rich Fool oft gets a Name,  
By Poets Dedication.

If

*If mighty Gods can thus be made,  
By Birds unskilful chatt'ring;  
What can't the Muses (if well pay'd)  
Accomplish, by their flatt'ring?*

*'Tis they that cheat the Apes and Owls;  
With Songs of Praise and Satyr;  
And, by their Arts, draw little Fools  
To idolize the greater.*

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Sir

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Sir Narcissus Foplin :

O R,

*The Self-Admirer.*

**H**E is the Spindle-shank'd Progeny of a half-witted Father, who drowsily begot him, betwixt sleeping and waking, to pleasure his Lady, much rather than himself ; and dying, left the Fruits of his nuptial Drudgery to the Mother's Care, who, by her effeminate Fondness, has made him all Woman, except the masculine Peg, which is hung on by Nature, for the Distinction of Sexes. He has a plentiful Estate ; but lives a single Gentleman, for no other Reason, but because he's so conceited of his own Merits, that he never could yet find a Woman that he thought was worthy of him : Notwithstanding, he has so little in his Person, or his Parts, to recommend him to any Body's liking, but his own, that should an *Indian* Baboon be as nicely fitted with a fair Wig, and a Sute of Cloaths of the same Colour, I am certain, any Lady, that was to see them together, would swear, they were Twins of the same Litter ;

ter; yet the ill-favour'd Ape is such a wonderful Admirer of his own Imperfections, that the Fop's Dressing-Room is lin'd thro' with Looking-Glass, that let him turn his Eyes what way soever, he may still be in Sight of his own homely Shadow. The Lineaments of his Face, are so very remarkable, that, to oblige the Ladies, I shall modestly describe them, without the least Improvement; *viz.* He has the Forehead of a Monkey, the Eyes of a Howlet, the Nose of a Negro, the Mouth of an Alligator, a Tuffin's Chin, and the Lanthorn-Jaws of an old preaching Fanatick; and all these, inclos'd within a Thicket of Whores-Hair, curl'd into the newest Fashion by Monsieur *Shammeree*, Wig-maker in Ordinary to the Beaus and Block-heads round the *Opera-Theatre*. Besides the extraordinary Symmetry of his bewitching Countenance, he is as slender in the Waste, as if his Mother, in her Agony, had given him a Pinch in the Middle, when he was born half-way, that had spoil'd his Growth for the future; or, that she had kept him swath'd, 'till he was twenty Years old, for Fear he should prove getch-belly'd. And, to add another Advantage to his excellent Proportion, he has the Honour to stand upon such a fashionable Pair of Gentleman's Legs, that

you would guess, by their Size, he was the Sheep-shank'd Bastard of some limber-hamm'd Courtier, who had wasted his Calves in the Service of the Ladies. And if all these graceful Members are not thought sufficient to engage a beautiful *Diana* to sacrifice her Chastity to so obliging a Lover, I shall farther recommend to her the Graces of his Mind, and the Niceties of his Breeding; and if those will not charm her into a languishing Condition, she may keep her Love to herself, 'till she can die for some Body that she thinks more deserving. As to his Wit, it is so very admirable, that there is not a new Pun, or a Play-house Jest, but what he has as ready at his Tongue's End, as a young Bully has his fashionable Oaths, or a pert Harlot her smutty Stories. And as for his Courage, it is chiefly shewn in pinking the Backs of Tavern-Chairs, and in breaking the Heads of his own Footmen; which they bear with Patience, because he never forgets to give them a Plaster, for Fear they should be angry with him. His Generosity is such, that it never extends to any, but his Flatterers; and those that can find out a new Grace in him, shall never fail of a Reward for their notable Discovery. As to his Learning, it consists in the Title-Pages of new Pam-



Pamphlets ; for he thinks Reading to be the Drudgery of a Scholar, or the Diversion of a Pedant, but a Scandal to a Gentleman. The Wings of his Affections are so intollerably clipp'd, by a Self-Conceit of his own Gallantry, that his Love can never fly out of the Windows of his own Breast, any farther than his Looking-Glass; and so plays backwards and forwards, between himself and his Shadow, like a Shuttle-cock between two Battle-dors. Tho' he is very conversant with the fair Sex, and a mighty Man among the fine Ladies, he only rivals them in their own Vanity ; and, as they hope to be admir'd by him, so the Fool fancies they are his Admirers ; but if they were, they might ease their Passions with their own solitary Sighs ; for he has so cool a Sense of Female Favours, that he has less Respect for the Charms of a Petticoat, than for the loathsome Condescensions of a fricating *Catamite*, who is Beast enough to ease his *Sodomitical* Desires with anti-veneral Exercise. Yet, after all, the squeaking *Homunculus*, with his Capon's Voice, who, in Contempt of the fair Sex, can be manual Operator to his own Lust, because he has an Estate, can loll in his gilt Chariot, and keep his brawny Slaves to bow down and worship him, must set

himself up, Forsooth, for a Man of Honour, a Gentleman of Worth, a Patriot of his Country, a Judge of Learning, an Encourager of Vertue, and the worthy Branch of an ancient and honourable Family: Tho', notwithstanding his Pride and Vanity, was the worthless Mortal to be stripp'd of his Acres, his Equipage, and his Finery, which are the only Armour that can secure the Coxcomb from the Contempt of the Publick, and he would scarce have Merit enough to recommend him to the Employment of a reforming Understrapper. Yet, since he was born in a lucky Minute, and his propitious Stars have plac'd him high above the Heads of Thousands, who have fifty Times more Merit, much wiser Numbers, and the more vertuous Crowd must bow their humble Noddles to the lofty Idol, who sits in Triumph, glories in his Ignorance, as well as his Vices, and gazes, with Disdain, upon those Persons, who can scarce deserve his Estate so much, as he does their Poverty.

Familiar

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**H**OW cross a Filt, how base a Trull,  
Is purblind Madam Fortune,  
Who proves so gen'rous to the Fool,  
And to the Wise uncertain?

What Fops and Monsters do we see  
Sit lolling in their Coaches,  
And baughty Apes, of high Degree,  
Grow proud of their Debauches?

Whilst Men of Brains and Vertue, stand  
Depending at a Distance;  
And bowing down, with Cap in Hand,  
Implore the Fools Assistance.

One thinks, that Whoring is a Vice,  
Of all the rest, most noble;  
And, to enjoy his Paradise,  
Becomes the Ladies Bubble.

A second, finds another Trick,  
Much worse than Fornication;  
And, in his Lust, wants Grace to stick  
At Male-Administration.

A third, two powerful Vices join,  
For want of sober Thinking;  
And, adding Women to his Wine,  
Delights in Love and Drinking.



*A fourth, becomes a Rake at large,  
Pursues all wicked Measures,  
And values no Expence or Charge,  
To purchase sinful Pleasures.*

*Yet, if they be but rich and great,  
Tho' impious as the Devil,  
They must be wise, in Spite of Fate,  
And good, in Spite of Evil,*

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*The*

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*The Worthy Patriot :*  
*O R,*  
*The True English Nobleman.*

**H**E is a peaceful Counsellor in a calm Reign, that never desires to increase his Riches, by the Disquiet of a Kingdom; but always labours, with a loyal Heart, to stem the Fury of any Faction, who oppose their Prince, disturb the Nation, or undermine the Government. He is a safe Pilot in a Land-Storm, that steers his Course by his Conscience, and makes unspotted Honour the true Touch-stone of all his Actions. He has too great a Soul, to depend upon Flatterers for a publick Character; but makes his Vertues known by his own generous Deeds, without being beholden to a Riming Sicophant, for his fulsome Dedications; for he thinks it more Honour to be accounted a wise Patriot, than a bountiful Patron; and would rather chuse to be the *Marlborough* of the State, than the *Mecænas* of the Age. He scorns to be drawn by the Smiles and Favours of a vicious Prince, to betray his Country; and is too faithful a Subject, to  
sacrifice

sacrifice the Interest of his lawful Sovereign, to a perverse People; but will no more be courted, by popular Applause, to do an ill Action, than he would be frightened or deterr'd, by popular Rage, from doing a good one; still, in every Thing he does, having a dutiful Regard to his Prince's Safety, the publick Welfare, and his own Honour; from which he will never swerve, to flatter a Tyrant, or to please a Faction; to raise a good Prince above the Laws, or to bring a bad one under them; but endeavours to preserve the Prerogative of the Crown, and the Obedience of the Subject, upon a flourishing Equality, that the one may not grow too great, or the other become too little. Tho' his Soul is magnanimous, his Mind noble, and his Courage daring, yet his Ambition never soars above the Limits of Religion: For that which other Great Men so often sacrifice to their Interest, he plants about his Soul, as the best Inclosure to keep his Appetites within Bounds, and to secure his Vertue from the dangerous Incursions of infernal Enemies, who are always upon the Hunt, like a roaring Lyon, seeking whom they may devour. He is never desirous of much Trouble, for the Sake of great Riches; but is rather content to lead a quiet Life upon his own plentiful Estate,

than



than to improve his Patrimony, by beggaring his Prince, or abusing the Publick : Nor is he ever covetous (for the Sake of the Profit) of more Power, than he knows himself able to make a wise Use of, to the Honour of the Crown, and the Interest of the Kingdom ; and whatever Authority he is pleas'd to accept of, he is so careful to manage with that commendable Exactness, and unspotted Integrity, that it is not in the Power of any envious Competitor, to stain his Conduct with the least Calumny. The greatest Honours, and the highest Preferments, can never raise him beyond the Remembrance of his Mortality ; for, notwithstanding his Grandeur, he is always free of Access, and treats even Inferiours with that winning Affability, as if he was ever thoughtful, in Spite of worldly Distinctions, that in a little Time the Grave will make them his Equals. Tho' his Birth is noble, his Power great, and his Estate answerable, he has too much Goodness to look upon any Thing beneath him with Contempt, except an ill Man, a loose Woman, or a base Action : For his Designs are too honest, to have Occasion for the first ; his Continence too great, to need the Use of the second ; and his Honour too sacred, to give Encouragement to the third. As his Fortune is large,  
even

even so is his Hospitality : For his Quality and Estate, are much more visible in his good House-keeping, than in the Finery of his Coach, and the Richness of his Liveries. As he is bountiful to his Friends, and generous to his Neighbours; so is he liberal to his Servants, and charitable to the Poor : Nor does he ever neglect to do one good Office, that can be modestly ask'd, or reasonably perform'd. His Affection to his Lady, and his Lenity to his Children, are so equally engaging, that none are able to distinguish, whether he be the loving Husband, or the kinder Father; nor can they need more than his own noble Example, to instruct them in their Duty. His Sports and his Recreations, are suited to his Quality, much rather than his Appetites; for he always keeps the Man in Subjection to the Lord, that the Corruption of Nature may never sully his Dignity. The Majesty of his Person, the Awfulness of his Looks, the Wisdom of his Words, and the Gravity of his Utterance, are sufficient, at all Times, to demand a Reverence, without Equipage or Attendance : For his Deportment alone, is a better Indication that he is truly noble, than his Arms and his Coronet; for in the former, we may read the Excellencies of the Man, as in the latter,

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we may blazon the Atchievements of his Family. He always takes Care to chuse a domestick Chaplain, for his Wisdom and Vertue, as well as his Learning; one that is fit to be a Tutor to his Children, as well as a Guide to his Servants; and a divine Comforter to himself, and his Countess, as well as a sacred Ornament to his ancient Palace, and his obedient Household. Tho' he never neglects his Duty to his Sovereign; yet he loves a Retirement to his Country-Seat, which he enjoys as often as the Commands of his Prince, and the Business of the Nation will give Leave, preferring both to his own private Satisfaction. Yet, tho' a gallant Gentleman, he is but little affected with the Vanities of a Court, and less with the Vices of the noisy Town, where Whoredom and Knavery have so great an Ascendancy over Honour and Honesty. He is too well establish'd in the Principles of his Faith, to modify his Religion to the Fashion of the Times; and if he cannot be thought a good Subject, without making himself a bad Christian, he will rather be content to endure the Frowns of a State, or the Grins of a Faction, than to flatter his Prince, or to please the Multitude, to the Injury of his Conscience. He scorns to be govern'd by  
the



the Humour of the Publick, to the Damage of his Country ; and would rather chuse to fall a Martyr, than to live a Traytor. He hates the Countenance of a Hypocrite, under a broad-brimm'd Hat ; and abominates the Broachers of all new Opinions, as the fatal Forerunners of some approaching Mischief. As he is fix'd as a Rock to the Religion he professes, so is he prudently careful that the same shall be Orthodox : Nor can he be guilty of such dishonourable Flattery, as to cast a favourable Eye upon any of the Sectaries, because he has long observ'd, that their Priests, if it be possible, are much wickeder than the People. Whoever has the Honour to be well acquainted with him, will always find him the same Man ; for he is so far from being subject to a Giddiness in his Mind, that the Rules and Precepts, by which he wisely governs the Empire of his Breast, are as unalterable, as the Laws of the *Medes* and *Persians* ; nor can the Sophistry of a Judge, or the Arguments of a Bishop, prevail with him to take the Justice of a Cause, or a Point of Conscience, by the wrong Handle. In short, he is a wise Counsellor, a faithful Subject, a trusty Friend, and a generous Enemy ; quick of Projection, firm of Resolution, and speedy in Dispatch : Has  
the

the Head of a Philosopher, the Heart of  
a Christian, and the Hand of a Hero ;  
for he thinks wisely, designs honestly,  
and executes boldly.

Familiar Descant on the foregoing  
Character.

**S**OME boast of Honours, Wealth, and  
Blood,  
Which they, by Birth inherit,  
And aim to be thought great and good,  
Without one Grain of Merit :

But 'tis not Title or Degree,  
That makes us truly noble,  
Because a gilded Fool may be  
A Coward and a Bubble.

Wealth may be got by knavish Craft,  
Or be the Gift of Fortune ;  
And Honours be bestow'd as oft  
For Pranks behind the Curtain :

These are not always the Reward  
Of Vertue, or of Brav'ry ;  
But have been heretofore conferr'd  
On Minions, for their Knav'ry.

When

*When Titles are of long Descent,  
 What Man can tell how Honour  
 Was first obtain'd, or how 'twas meant;  
 When given by the Donor ?*

*Sometimes we've seen the fawning Slave  
 Made great, for little Reason;  
 And Honour's heap'd upon a Knave,  
 To stop his hatching Treason.*

*What Mortal then would idolize  
 High Titles and Exteriors,  
 Unless his Worship was more wise  
 And just, than his Inferiors ?*

*Let no Man boast his high Degree,  
 Wealth, Honour, Education,  
 Unless he's Will and Pow'r to be  
 A Champion for his Nation.*

**FINIS.**

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